



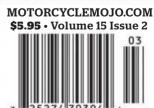
Pushing the Open-Class Envelope

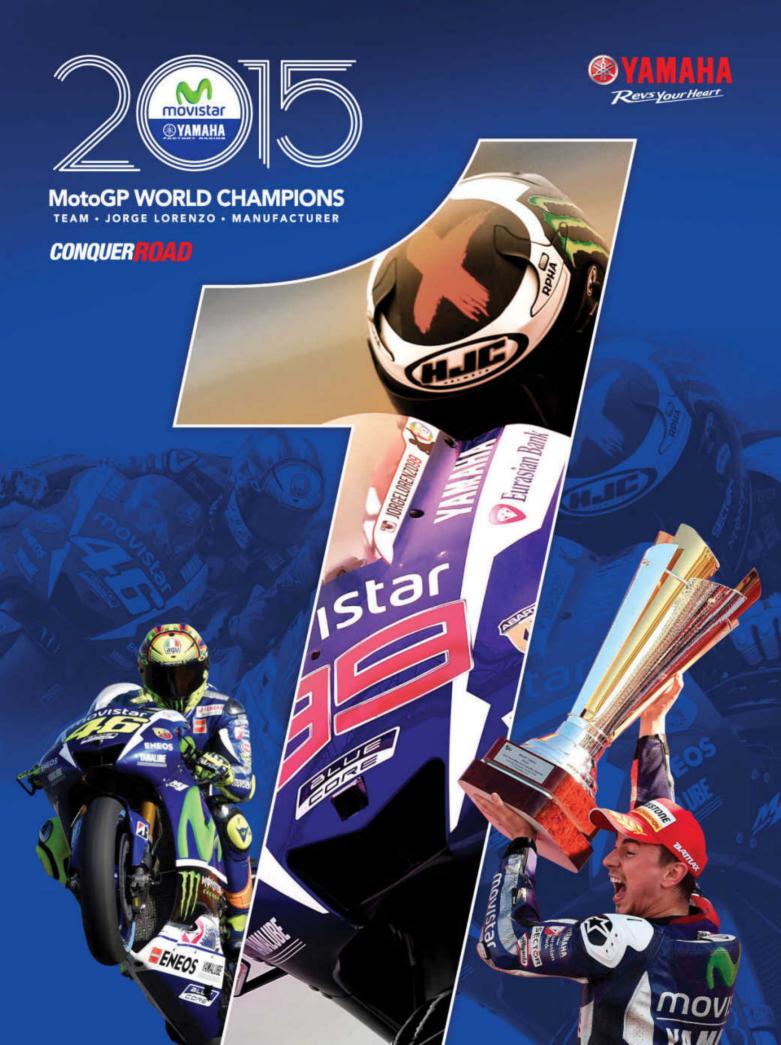


PETE GAGAN

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ON THE COVER 2016 DUCATI 959 PANIGALE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MILAGRO

So what is a **MOJO?**

It is, in short, the staple amulet of African-American hoodoo practice, a flannel bag (magazine) containing one or more magical items (motorcycles). The word is thought by some to be a corruption of the English word "magic" but it more likely is related to the West African word "mojuba," meaning a prayer of praise and homage.

A prayer of praise and homage ... toward motorcycles?





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MotoreyeleMojo

MARCH 2016 · VOLUME 15 ISSUE 2

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Jeff Davison, Marcus Martellacci, Milagro, Costa Mouzouris, Amee Reehal, Glenn Roberts, David G. Williams, Photos for Canadian Legends courtesy, Pete Gagan, Greg Williams

Online & Technical Gooder Marketing

Printing Transcontinental LGM – Coronet
Circulation and Fulfillment KCK Global Limited
Distribution Disticor

PRINT & DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

1 year Print Subscription \$25.00, 1 year Digital \$15.00 plus applicable taxes

 $www.motorcyclemojo.com \\ \bullet subscriptions@motorcyclemojo.com \\ 1-877-330-3737$

Motorcycle Mojo, P.O. Box 1234, Station K, Toronto, ON M4P 3E4

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Motorcycle Mojo is published in Prince Edward County, Ontario by Riptide Resources Inc. and is proudly printed in Canada. #101–10 issues per year. Available at Newsstands across Canada. We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Periodical Fund of the Department of Canadian Heritage and the Ontario Media Development Corporation.

Publications Mail Agreement #40761040 Return undeliverable Canadian Addresses to

Motorcycle Mojo P.O. Box 22001, Gardiner's Village P.O., Picton, Ontario K0K 0A0 ISSN 1913-7621





















WINTER HIGHLIGHTS

ost people seem to think that we take a break in the winter; after all, we can't ride. That's the furthest from the truth, as this is actually the

busiest time for us here at *Motorcycle Mojo*. From the first weekend in January to the first week in April, we trek across the country, working out of hotel rooms during the week and manning our booth at motorcycle shows during the weekends.

I enjoy this time of year, because I get to speak with readers and we get to see firsthand the new crop of bikes that will be on our roads. In no particular order, these are some of my highlights and observations from the Western Canadian shows.

At the Vancouver show, which is held in Abbotsford, we were fortunate to be across from Honda Canada, and one of the most anticipated motorcycles to hit our shores this year, the Africa Twin, was right in front of us commanding a crowd of admirers.

BMW had a gorgeous R nineT dressed up with bolt-on accessory parts that drew a lot of attention. A highlight was the virtual reality setup, complete with goggles, headset and vibrating backpack. I tried the demo of the R1200GSA on terrain that reminded me of my Mongolian adventure last summer. The other demo was a track session on the S1000RR. Both were amazing, but if I had to choose a favourite VR experience, it would be the S1000RR, hands-down.

Suzuki showcased the early-release 2017 SV650 as well as the new GSX-S1000 F and S variants. The new SV650 should be in dealerships around late spring or early summer.

Of course, many attendees are interested in American muscle, and the Harley-Davidson, Victory and Indian displays were always packed with riders checking out the various models.

Yamaha was busy with the XSR900, a nicely styled standard bike based around the highly acclaimed FZ-09's powerplant. Also on display were the new YZF-R1S and its naked cousin, the European MT-10. The North American version of the latter, the FZ-10, will be released later this year.

I was excited to see the new Triumph T120 Bonneville and Thruxton models with the all-new 1200 cc engine, and the brand new 900 cc Street Twin was, of course, a hot item.

While the Kawasaki H2 and H2R aren't really new, as they were shown last year, both continue to draw a huge audience, and the Z800 had a consistent group inspecting it.

Italian motorcycles always attract plenty of lookers, so it comes as no surprise that the Ducati display is always popular. The XDiavel, a few new Scrambler models and the Panigale 959 were bustling with riders anxious to try out the ergonomics. Coincidentally, the Panigale 959 is featured in this issue: Costa Mouzouris took the super-middleweight sport bike onto the track in Valencia, Spain, to see how it stacks up to the previous 899 Panigale and its bigger brother, the 1299.

You'll also find in this issue a report on the redesigned 2015 Kawasaki Versys 1000 LT, as well as a story about a resurrected Honda CB360 that's been turned into an exquisite café racer. Travel articles include Part II of the quest to find PCH Mile 0 in Lund, B.C., and a ride to Utah to visit the Bonneville Salt Flats – a ride that almost didn't happen thanks to mechanical gremlins.

As you read this, our show season is winding down, and I for one am going to take a break for the next couple of weekends. And then I expect it'll be time to get my bike out.

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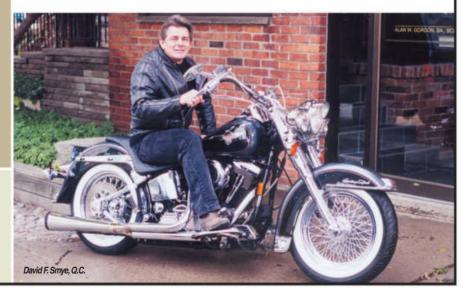
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THREADS

MOTORCYCLE INFORMATION AND INSPIRATION

HEADLINES



Once the great hope for American-made sportbikes, EBR is fighting tooth and nail to rise from the ashes...again.

E

ric Buell Racing (EBR) had gone to auction for the third time and was purchased – for the second time – by Liquid Asset Partners. Bill Melvin Jr., owner of Liquid Asset Partners, stated in an interview with the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, "We will not be manufacturing

motorcycles, as Liquid Asset, but we will be working to put together a plan with a team that can be successful in doing that."

It would stand to reason then that Liquid Asset hopes to act as a middleman, sourcing investors or an outright buyer in hopes of a revival for EBR.

The winner of the first auction, Bruce Belfer, was unable to meet the deadline to produce the funds bid at auction, and so back on the block went EBR. The second auction was won by Liquid Assets (the only bidder); however, Belfer and prospective bidder US Heritage Powersports demanded more time to submit their bids.

In the end, the only result of the third auction was to drive the selling price up from US\$1.6 million to US\$2.05 million.

The funds raised at the auction will go toward paying the US\$202,000 owing to EBR employees, as well as to help settle up with creditors such as Porsche Engineering Group and Japan's Mito Tech Co.

Ironically, Liquid Asset Partners is the same company that parted out Buell Motorcycles when Harley-Davidson dropped them in October 2009.

And so the saga continues . . .

NEWS

HIGHEST HONOURS

Triumph Motorcycles has been awarded the Royal Automotive Club's prestigious Diamond Jubilee Trophy for its contributions to the motorcycle industry and motorsport. This marks only the fifth time the award has been handed out in the trophy's 58-year history.

TECH TALK



ILLUMINATING THE APEX

he idea of an adaptive headlight that's able to look through a corner and illuminate the winding road ahead has been a reality for some time on high-end cars and even on some motorcycles, such as the BMW K1600GT. And now the technology is available for any bike with a standard seven-inch headlight bucket.

J.W. Speakers has been making premium lighting solutions for automotive, marine and industrial applications since 1935, and now its Model 8790 Adaptive LED headlights are raising some eyebrows in the motorcycle world.

The unit's pedestrian name does little to illustrate the abilities of this little wonder, which requires only basic wiring.

An integrated lean angle sensor lets the unit know your motorcycle has entered a corner and fires up various LEDs aimed into the corner instead of wasting the illumination on the ditch, trees and such on the outside of the corner.

Retailing for between US\$700 and US\$800, it's a significant investment, but the safety factor could be priceless on a dark winding road in your future.

BY THE NUMBERS



180,80

The number of KTM and Husqvarna motorcycles sold in 2015, equalling a profit of 1.02 billion euros.

The first year of competition for Yamaha's new YZF-R1 platform in the World Superbike Series.

The current number of sections across the country into which the Canadian Vintage Motorcycle Group membership is divided.

434,0

The price in US dollars paid for a 1951 Vincent Series C White Shadow in Chinese Red at the 2016 Las Vegas Motorcycle Auction.





THREADS

Words of Wisdom

"Patience is something you admire in the driver behind you and scorn in the one ahead."

-Mac McCleary, author

"More is learned from failure than from success." - Soichiro Honda, founder of Honda Motor Co.

"Driving a motorcycle is like flying. All your senses are alive."

- -Hugh Laurie, actor
- star of TV's House

"Faster, faster, faster, until the thrill of speed overcomes the fear of death."

—Hunter S. Thompson, author and journalist

"The perfect man? A poet on a motorcycle."

-Lucinda Williams, musician and songwriter

"And I to my motorcycle
Parked like the soul of the junkyard
Restored, a bicycle fleshed
With power, and tore off
Up Highway 106, continually
Drunk on the wind in my mouth,
Wringing the handlebar for speed,
Wild to be wreckage forever."

-James Dickey, poet - Cherrylog Road

"A motorcycle functions entirely in accordance with the laws of reason, and a study of the art of motorcycle maintenance is really a miniature study of the art of rationality itself."

-Robert M. Pirsig, author
-Zen and the Art of
Motorcycle Maintenance

"On my tombstone they will carve, 'IT NEVER GOT FAST ENOUGH FOR ME."

—Hunter S. Thompson, author

Kingdom of Fear: Loathsome Secrets of a Star-Crossed Child in the Final Days of the American Century

"People plan from A to B so they can say they've been somewhere. But the ideal is to be somewhere in between and delay 'B' for as long as possible."

author, filmmaker and adventurer

-Sjaak Lucassen,

"In a biker's world, there are no strangers, only friends we have not yet met . . ."

-Adam Foster

"The guard told me that the road to the campsite was good. As I was to discover, he lied to me. Either that, or he simply did not know that long stretches of sandy riverbed, followed by a deep-water crossing in a croc-infested lake, do not qualify as a good road for a loaded motorcycle."

-Rene Cormier, author and adventurer - University of Gravel Roads



Nomad World Wide Ride for Zambia Orphans

https://goo.gl/aYbXYZ

We've featured two stories from John Nomad's journey around the globe: first we tagged along as he rode his motorcycle across a frozen Norwegian countryside, then we joined him to explore the island nation of Japan. This video offers more insight into the motivation behind John's adventure and showcases the landscapes, challenges and people he encountered along the way.

Say What? editor@motorcyclemojo.com

IT'S LIKE BEING THERE

The feature I enjoy most in *Motorcycle Mojo* are the articles on the motorcycle trips. The contributions are especially enjoyable when the writer can bring me into the narrative, and I can "feel" some of their experience. Glenn Roberts has this ability and wrote a terrific piece on a ride in Mongolia in the December issue. In the Jan/Feb 2016 issue, David G. Williams contributed a fun and enjoyable read on segment 1 of his Pacific Coast Highway ride. Well done and an entertaining read, and I'm looking forward to segment 2, where he actually rides on the PCH. Good job.

Blaine Poff via email

Part II is here but with his planning abilities, you didn't really think he'd make it down the PCH, did you?

MARK THE DATE ON YOUR CALENDAR

Your timing is perfect! I returned home from work today to find the January issue of *Mojo*, along with the 2016 *Mojo* calendar, in my mailbox. And now that snow and cold has finally arrived in Southern Ontario, I won't be tempted to pull my bike out of storage, so I'll just sit and enjoy the articles in your great magazine.

I saw the advertisement for Bikers Reunion, which takes place in beautiful Northeastern Ontario. Earlier today I reserved my hotel room for this wonderful event, and this year I'll leave a couple days earlier so that I can visit Tobermory and Manitoulin Island before arriving in New Liskeard.

Congratulations on your 100th issue. Keep up the great work and may 2016 mark the beginning of the next 100 issues.

Mark Wade via email

PLANNING AHEAD

Thanks for a great magazine. The travel issue was once again fantastic. I'm currently planning two rides, the Dempster Highway as well as another that we call "fly and ride". We'll trailer the bikes till just south of winter, then ride the Baja to Cabo where our wives will already be. Have a great New Year.

CLINT STEINLEY VIA EMAIL

A LEGEND REMEMBERED

I just finished reading Greg Williams' article on the Nicholson Brothers in the Jan/Feb edition. It was an excellent article about two very influential members of the motorcycle community. I had the privilege of knowing Bernie on both a personal and business level. On the business side he was always



helpful with the mechanical aspects and also what parts would fit or could be exchanged on a British motorcycle. On the personal side he was a wonderful storyteller about the old days and was enjoyable to listen to. It was unfortunate for me that I didn't meet this man until the mid- to late-1980's when I started working for the College in Fairview and had to order parts from his business, but from the first time I talked to him on the phone I made it a point to stop buy his shop whenever I was in Calgary to have a visit with him. He is just one of

a long list of pioneers of our industry we have lost.

Dan Bruce via email

DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY? We love hearing your thoughts on an article, comments, suggestions or criticisms. Comments selected for publication may be edited for grammar, readability and length. Send notes to editor@motorcyclemojo.com.



From: Trevor Marc Hughes **Crossroad Grill**

Your "Where's The Food?" section in Threads made me think of a locally recommended spot while a friend and I were riding Highway 101 on British Columbia's Sunshine Coast from Langdale to Lund last April.

In Sechelt, some local folks at a café said we should try the Crossroad Grill if we wanted some good burgers. We didn't have time to check it out on the way up, but on the way back from Lund we stopped in. I had a very tasty patty melt, my friend had a yummy cheeseburger. Those locals we met were right! It was conveniently just off Highway 101 across from a Petro Canada gas station near the junction with Garden Bay Road. Outdoor seating was nice on a hot spring day, and it made the remaining twisties all the more enjoyable before the Langdale ferry terminal.

Got a favourite restaurant or pub? Send us an email to editor@motorcyclemojo.com and tell us why.

RICH OLIVER'S MYSTERY SCHOOL

swear that all my best life experiences start off with something going wrong. There was the time my kickstand fell off my bike at the start of a road trip, and the time I flew to Italy but didn't have a place to stay. More recently, on the way to the Rich Oliver's Mystery School, I got stranded with two flat tires on my rental car.

After bumping to a stop on the side of a dark country road near Auberry, California, alone and freaked out, I called Joe, owner of Daddy Joe's Java Time coffee shop and lodging, where I was staying that night. He and his wife located me, brought me hot chocolate and waited with me until the tow truck came before taking me to the motel.

The next morning, after giving my hosts a bottle of wine and a big hug, I met up with some friends. We were a combination of California Superbike School coaches, students and staff, all heading to the Rich Oliver compound for two days of dirt-riding fun. We'd decided to attend the school to improve our riding skills. It was the first time in a long time I was to be a student, excited for the opportunity to learn.

As we arrived at the beautiful ranch house situated in the middle of a large desert-like dirt-riding oasis, Rich greeted us with a friendly smile. We started stretching and limbering up immediately in preparation for the day. While we stretched, he told us why he had started the Mystery School in the first place.

"By riding off-road in loose traction conditions," he explained, "and having the bike moving around and sliding underneath, you will learn techniques like counter-steering, throttle control,



line choice, visual targeting – things that will help you on any kind of bike.

"By using the slow-speed, dirt-track type of training that we do," he continued, "you reduce risk while learning how to ride around on a slippery surface. It's a lot better to use our bikes at a slow speed than your bike through traffic or on a racetrack." Then he clapped his hands and sent us to get riding gear, and set up on Yamaha TTR 125s.

We started with slow, tight circles that emphasized proper body position. From there, we moved to ovals and did five-lap timed races to add a little bit of friendly competition to the mix. After the ovals, we moved to tight U-turns, figure eights and some braking drills before enjoying a nice homemade lunch on Rich's front porch. That first day's morning training had me leaning over and sliding way more than I ever thought possible. I could instantly see how these new skills could apply to street and track riding. We followed lunch with some practice races where we put our skills to use against our friends. Some good bar-bashing fun ensued!

The next morning, feeling a little tired and sore, we stretched again and began with similar drills before moving to the mud riding. Rich soaked the dirt track to make it muddy, and sent us all out at once to utilize our new-found skills. With dirt splattering our goggles, bars bashing and people being tossed off in all directions, all you could hear was laughter and shouting as we gained

confidence in the super-slick conditions. With mud in my teeth, I declared, "That was probably the most fun I've ever had on two wheels!"

For the remainder of the day, we raced and raced, and raced again, ending the day exhausted and happy. Not only was the school an incredibly fun two days spent with friends, it was also successful in giving me confidence that I've never had on a dirtbike, or with any kind of motorcycle sliding around underneath me. Before attending the Mystery School, any little slide would cause me to tense up and feel nervous; but after learning how to let it all hang out and get the thing sideways, my overall confidence improved.

Immediately following the school, while coaching at Las Vegas Speedway, I noticed my improvement on the BMW S1000RR, when its tires slid because of cold weather and I didn't panic. On my mountain bike, I have become more comfortable with the bike slipping around in the wet, and can even use it to my benefit to steer the bike when it does slide. And on the motocross track, my body position and control of the machine has improved dramatically.

When it comes to improving your overall riding ability, it pays to get professional instruction. But don't necessarily confine yourself to one discipline; flat tracking, dirt riding and hitting the track on a sport bike will give you the various tools and techniques to help improve your overall street riding.



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THE IDES OF MARCH

he Ides of March is a date that is referred to on the Roman calendar, and it's a significant one at that. Julius Caesar supposedly met his end on March 15, 44 BC, and you can bet his obit didn't read: "Passed peacefully ..." It's also a bit of a shot in the dark regarding the actual day, because the Roman calendar didn't number the days sequentially, which must've been a pain come time to pay the power bill. Days were counted backwards from three points in each month, including Nones (fifth or seventh day of the month), Ides (13th or 15th day) and Kalends (the first day of the following month).

To simplify the whole thing, think of the Ides of March as the middle of that month. For the average Canuck rider south of the 60th parallel, it's about the time to start thinking about motorcycles, for riding time is just around the corner - unless you live on Vancouver Island and haven't stopped riding. March is the time to look really closely at your steed. Unless you were absolutely meticulous when you put your bike away for the winter, you'll see that quite a few things will need some attention. I've always found it's a good idea to start with the mechanical bits before moving to the bodywork and shiny stuff.

Start with the tires, which deserve a good inspection. Don't just pump them up to spec and think you're good to go. Look closely at tread wear, and the condition of the rubber, making sure there are no cracks or other defects. Remember: They are the things between the road and your butt, so take them very seriously.

Brakes are also found in the important column. Usually you can see the



brake pads from the top or sides of the calipers, so make sure you start the season with lots of brake pad. Your manual should give you the minimum thickness of the pad material, but if they're looking skinny, with the backing plate close to the disc, you're past optimum replacement time. Get new pads and ensure the brake fluid is at the correct level before you roll out the door.

If you have a chain drive, get some lube worked into it, and remember to wipe off any excess before rolling down the road. For a shaft drive, check the fluid level, or replace it if it looks exceptionally dark or cloudy, the latter indicating water contamination. This is also a perfect time to examine the drain plug magnet. The material collected on the magnet will offer a good idea of what the wear is like between metal parts. If there's anything more than a slurry of fine metal powder, like sharp filings, then you may want your shop to look at what's going on in there. The last thing you want is a final drive failure while on the road.

Since you're now coated with lube, why not change the engine oil, if it wasn't done when you laid your steed up? Also consider purchasing a Dimple drain plug before doing an oil change. The magnet on the Dimple plug is much stronger compared with the OEM plug; if there's any metal in the oil, the Dimple plug stands a much better chance of grabbing it.

While you're working with the

running parts, it's also a perfect time to examine the frame components. Look closely at where frame tubes intersect, and ensure there's no contaminants lying at the junction. Rust in a frame junction merits a closer look: at most, it could be hiding a crack; at least, there's a chip in the finish that needs to be cleaned and recoated. A small semi-soft round brush works great for cleaning out nooks and crannies.

I'll assume that a battery tender has been hooked up and working, so all you really need to do is look for corrosion at connections and terminals. Remember to disconnect the negative lead on the battery if you're cleaning up the terminals. If your battery slipped your mind, then check the fluid level if it's a maintenance-type battery, get a charger on it and hope it hasn't sulphated. Remember that most new bikes will have some type of working electronic device requiring power, a clock or perhaps a security system, so a battery tender is cheap insurance.

Bodywork is the more enjoyable part of the job. Wash your bike, and maybe apply a coat of wax. A word of caution: Inspect your polishing rags and make sure no bits of metal or corrosive chemicals, like brake fluid, are hiding on them, unless you plan on repainting your bike anyway.

By minding these basics and making your ride happy, safe and secure, I'm sure that the Ides of March will turn out much better for you than Ol' Julius.



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2017 DATES

OCTOBER 10 – 24 OCTOBER 27 – NOVEMBER 10

HIGHLIGHTS

- 3200 KMS (40% Gravel Roads)
- WIDE OPEN NAMIB-IAN LANDSCAPES
 - QUIET GRAVEL
 ROADS
- SOSSUSVLEI DUNES
- FISH RIVER CANYON
- CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
 - CPTIONAL 3 DAY TRUCK SAFARI TO ETOSHA NATIONAL PARK

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ORTUES (



WHAT NOT TO WEAR

he question of what to wear when riding on the road will yield many different responses. The reasons behind our choices have to do with the temperature that day or night, if it's raining, how far the planned ride is, our attitudes toward full-face or open-face helmets – I could go on and on. Another big consideration in how we dress also seems to stem from if we have crashed before. There is nothing like a good road-rash scab and subsequent scar to help you decide to put more and better gear on.

I am a wear-all-the-gear-all-the-time guy. When I started riding, someone suggested I ride fully dressed, and then I started teaching and didn't want to be seen as a hypocrite, so I always dressed appropriately. Gear that protects against abrasion is expensive, but it sometimes takes longer for road rash to heal than a broken bone. Even if I could predict the days when I would or would not crash, I would still wear full gear all the time; it is more comfortable than being blasted by the wind, burned from the sun or pelted by rain.

My co-workers at the rider-training school mock me about the number of jackets, boots, helmets, gloves and riding suits I own. However, I am grateful for having access to discounted riding gear from Yamaha and BMW. What I select to wear on a given day depends on the type of bike I am riding and the temperature. I have winter-weight gear for cold days, mesh gear with armour for hot day and waterproof gear for rain. I think I have more than a dozen helmets. Some are full face, two are modular models, some have a dual-sport type peak and shield, and a few are open



face, which I use just for teaching.

However, I sometimes wear the wrong thing at the wrong time, as I did last summer at Lawrence Hacking's Overland Adventure Rally. I dressed in a full BMW GS Rallye suit and boots, since I was going to be riding a BMW on- and off-road. Even before the ride began, while I stood in my booth chatting about rider-training courses for adventure-bike riders, it was hot. I only had boxers, a T-shirt and socks on beneath the suit, yet even with the vents open, I was sweating.

The rally kept me busy that weekend, but it was also the weekend young Kyle Grummet was getting married. Our family has spent a lot of time riding with the Grummet family, which once owned Parker Bros. Powersports in Ontario. We spent weeks together at Motocamp and watched each other's children grow up with motorcycles, so it was a wedding that I was really looking forward to attending.

"No problem," I told my wife. "I will simply ride from the rally to the wedding, and you guys (my wife and sons) can drive down with my suit and shoes."

I had a nice hour-long ride to the outdoor wedding location, and waited (not so patiently) in the parking lot as all the guests arrived. All the guests, that is, except my family. They assured me each time I called that they were close to the park where the wedding was being held.

I really wanted to take some good photos, but did not want to be in full

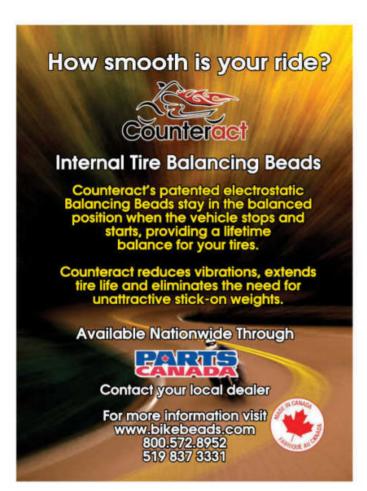
riding gear while doing so. During the last call, my son told me to relax because they were driving right behind the limo and would be there in two minutes, which was just five minutes before the ceremony. I didn't want to risk being late, so I got a head start changing, taking off my jacket and boots, and standing in the gravel parking lot in my riding pants and T-shirt.

Finally, I saw a limo enter the driveway followed by our car. I thought it would be expedient to get the rest of my gear off, ready to jump into my arriving suit. I have known the groom since he was on a minibike and had met the bride a few times at our off-road school, and fortunately, she had a fantastic sense of humour.

When the limo stopped right beside my bike, I was standing there in my boxers and long socks. The darkly tinted limo window came down, and a beautiful bride, whom I had never seen before, looked at me, shocked. She didn't say anything. It was only then that I realized that there were two weddings at the park that evening.

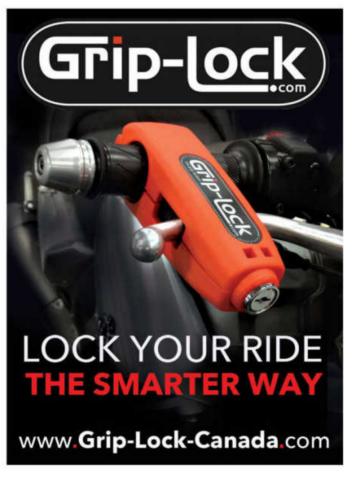
"I am so sorry!" I said. "I thought you were someone else."

I then ran off across the gravel to our car and quickly put my suit and shoes on before the police arrived looking for an old guy in his boxers and socks. It was incredibly embarrassing, but at least that bride will have a weird story to recount from her wedding day.









Pushing Boundaries



Ducati's midsized supersport hits another growth spurt

Story by Costa Mouzouris

t's odd how manufacturers of all types of passenger vehicles automatically size up with each generational upgrade; with cars, it's scaling up bodies for additional interior space, and with motorcycles, it's moving up the horsepower scale. Even 250 cc entry-level bikes are not immune to this upsizing, and are now 300s and larger. Ducati's once "middleweight" supersport has gradually grown over the years, going from 748 cc, when introduced in 1994, to 898 cc by 2014 in the 899 Panigale.

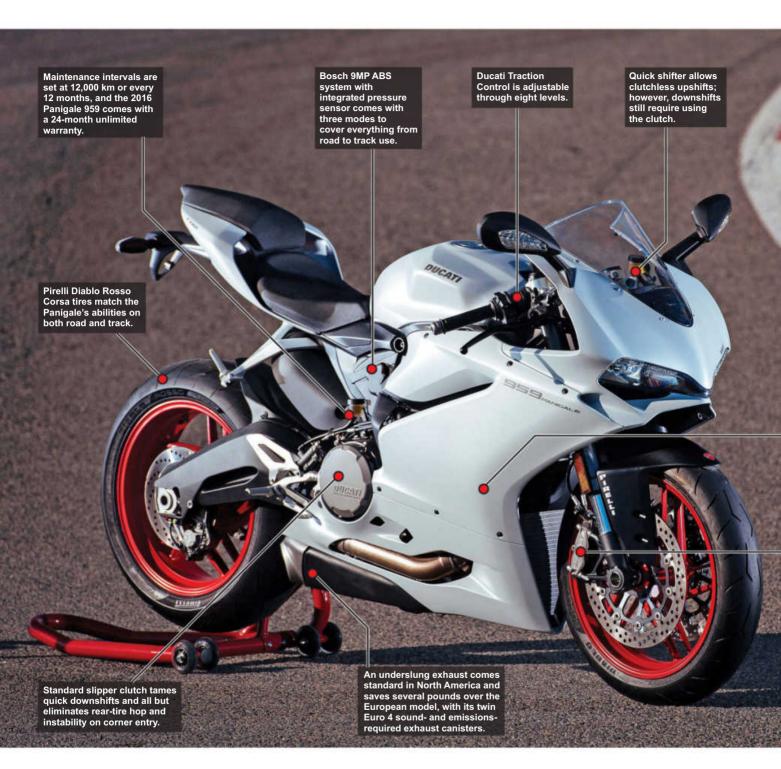
The original Ducati 748 was a true middleweight, comparable in performance to Japanese 600 cc supersport machines. Not that long ago, the 600 road-race class fielded the biggest starting grids, but after the economy tanked in 2008, so did 600 supersport sales - twentysomething buyers no longer had enough disposable income to indulge in such frivolities. Race grids shrank, Japanese manufacturers dropped the two-year life cycle of middleweight supersports and competing manufacturers moved on, no longer restrained by race-class homologation. The middleweight supersport class has since become populated by 636 cc fours, 675 and 800 cc triples and 898 cc twins.

Upsized

For 2016, Ducati has upgraded the 899 Panigale, becoming the 959 Panigale and, you guessed it, growing in displacement and output. We were in Valencia,







Spain, to ride this latest Panigale, at Circuito Ricardo Tormo, to see if this new "supermid" makes sense, since it's now rubbing shoulders with open-class machines.

The increase in displacement comes via a 3.6 mm increase in stroke, though that alone doesn't account for the increases of 9 hp (now 158 hp) and

6.2 ft-lb of torque (now 79.2 ft-lb). As on the 1299 Panigale, the exhaust header diameter is now 60 mm, and a showerhead fuel injector has been added atop each throttle body. Air flows into the engine through a freer-flowing air filter; valve adjustment intervals are set at a reasonable 24,000 km.

Gearbox ratios remain the same as

on the 899, but a slipper clutch has been added and combines with the previously available electronic engine-braking control to reduce rear-wheel chatter on corner entry.

North American bikes need not abide by Euro 4 emissions standards . . . yet, which explains the use of the underbelly exhaust system. European models now Delivering 158 hp and 77.9 ft-lb, this Ducati stands alone in its class of super-middleweight sport bikes. Brembo radially mounted monobloc calipers deliver race-proven stopping

have twin upswept mufflers to comply with the more stringent European standards, and they also add weight. We can yank on our suspenders and boast that our bikes weigh 195 kg wet, five kilos lighter than their European counterparts, and only two kilos over the 899.

The fairing has been widened a tad and the windscreen is a bit taller for improved aerodynamics, and the foot pegs are the same machined billet items used on the rare and pricey 1199 Superleggera. Chassis geometry is mostly the same as on the 899, with the exception of the wheelbase, which is a scant 6 mm longer, and the swingarm pivot, which has been lowered 4 mm to improve corner-exit grip. Suspension is fully adjustable at both ends, with Showa providing the 43 mm inverted fork, and Sachs providing the single rear shock.

The Brutality

The last Panigale I rode was the 1299S, which was somewhat brutal and taxing to ride – both physically and mentally, and terrifyingly fast. I was therefore relieved to learn during the technical presentation that the 959 was designed to be easier to ride and meant to be an "everyday sport bike." Well, the first part is true; the second, fantasy.

To ease everyone up to speed, our hosts suggested we begin the first session with the bikes set in Sport mode. This mode offered softer throttle response than Race mode, while allowing access to the full 157 hp, unlike the 100 hp Rain

mode. It also lowered the traction control and ABS thresholds from Race mode, supposedly to make it easier on us in the early morning so we could gradually get up to speed as the day progressed.

Well, moto-journos are not known for their judicious nature, and within two laps on the cold pavement, we were riding at a nine-tenths pace. While the throttle control and traction control proved just fine at this pace, the ABS proved problematic. In Sport mode, the ABS threshold is set low for added safety on the street, but in this setting, it proved detrimental to maintaining a fast racetrack pace. Trail braking over ripples deep into a corner triggered the ABS too soon, which stretched out the braking distance. This caused late, heart-palpitating corner entries, especially going into left-hand Turn One off the 900-metre-long front straight at an indicated 260 km/h.

Unleashed

After returning to the pits with bikes and riders intact, we were allowed to switch to Race mode, easily done using the dedicated buttons on the left-hand switch assembly and the menus in the dash display. Race mode raised all the electronic intervention thresholds to racetrack level while providing more aggressive throttle mapping. In this mode, the brakes were still governed by the ABS, though it now became invisible, only triggering a couple of times when I deliberately braked excessively hard to test its threshold. The brakes now inspired confidence, slowing the bike hard with an easily modulated brake lever. The slipper clutch also made corner entry easier, even though I had left the three-level engine braking in its lowest setting, allowing maximum engine braking. The throttle was a bit sensitive in Race mode, needing occasional mid-turn readjustment, especially in Turn Five, a sweeping third-gear right-hander.

The 959 Panigale has an electric quick shifter to allow full-throttle, clutchless gear changes, and unless you leave your foot on the shifter a tad too long after an upshift, it works very well, providing effortless, lightning-quick gear changes. The downside is that it doesn't work on the downshift, something I've sampled on other bikes, including the 1299, and can attest that it makes corner entry easier, as well as contributes to lower lap times.



Costa determined that the 959 is much easier to ride than the 1299 on the track, but Ducati's claims of it being an everyday sport bike may be a stretch.

Our hosts scheduled unusually long riding sessions, 20 minutes instead of the normal 15, and it soon became obvious the 959 was much less taxing to ride than the 1299. Power delivery, although quite strong, doesn't overwhelm and comes on in a very linear manner, unlike the explosive 200-plus horsepower 1299, which seemingly wants to catapult you off the seat every time the throttle hits the stop (actually, that's more of a perception, because the 1299 has wheelie-control software). After four 20-minute sessions, I'd determined that the 959 was indeed much easier to ride than the 1299, and could easily spend a day in its saddle lapping a local racetrack, something I can't say about the concentration-sapping 1299.

Pushing the Boundaries

Ducati's claim that this is an everyday sport bike really doesn't pass muster, for this is a true supersport machine. To get the most out of the Panigale, owners should plan on participating at local track day events – they can even add the optional Ducati Data Analyzer (approx. \$650); this on-board system stores data from the bike's various EFI sensors, and uses GPS to record lap times and other

track-related info for later analysis.

After my final session, I got off the 959 satisfied with its added performance over the 899, but a little confused about its placement in the universe - being a direct ancestor of the 748, it was once considered a middleweight machine, but it's now grown to just a few cubic centimetres shy of a litre bike. It emphasizes just how much manufacturers have pushed the open-class envelope, with those machines now producing in excess of 200 hp. One wonders what the next generation will bring, because adding just 43 more cubic centimetres of displacement to the bike will officially garner it open-class status (most inline four-cylinder supersports displace about 1000 cc).

Regardless of where it fits in the market, the 2016 Ducati 959 Panigale is nonetheless an excellent track day machine, with open-class performance in a more manageable package. And, at \$15,995, it costs a whopping \$5,400 less than the 1299. Unless you're addicted to horsepower, the 959 Panigale is the better choice. **MM**



2016 DUCATI 959 PANIGALE



LIST PRICE

\$15.995

WARRANTY

2 years, unlimited mileage

CONTACT

canada.ducati.com

ENGINE TYPE

Liquid-cooled 90-degree L-twin

DISPLACEMENT

955 cc

POWER

157 hp (117 kW) at 10,750 rpm

TORQUE

79.2 ft-lb (107.4 Nm) at 9000 rpm

BORE AND STROKE

100 x 60.8 mm

COMPRESSION RATIO

12.5:1

FUEL DELIVERY

EFI with 62 mm oval throttle bodies

TRANSMISSION

6-speed

FINAL DRIVE

Chain

FRONT SUSPENSION

43 mm inverted fork adjustable for preload, compression and rebound damping

REAR SUSPENSION

Single shock adjustable for preload, compression and rebound damping

WHEEL TRAVEL

Front: 120 mm (4.7 in.); Rear: 130 mm (5.1 in.)

BRAKES

Front: Two 320 mm discs with radial 4-piston calipers; Rear: 245 mm disc with

> 2-piston caliper; ABS WHEELBASE

1431 mm (56.3 in.)

RAKE AND TRAIL

24 degrees/96 mm

TIRES

Front: 120/70ZR17; Rear: 180/60ZR17

WEIGHT (WET)

195 kg (430 lb)

SEAT HEIGHT

830 mm (32.5 in.)

FUEL CAPACITY

17 L

FUEL ECONOMY (CLAIMED)

N/A

FUEL RANGE (ESTIMATED

N/A



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Versy-tility is the Name of the Game

Low effort yields high returns from Kawasaki's fresh-faced adventure/sport tourer

Story by Marcus Martellacci

t's near-impossible to make waves in the adventure/sport touring market at the moment with the glut of new and existing models from the likes of . . . well . . . *everyone*! Luckily, the *Mojo* staff had the opportunity to test virtually all of the new class, but there was one bike that kept popping up in conversations, both last year and this year – one that's flying below the radar of the bike-buying public and for some reason continued to elude us. That is, until Kawasaki sent an invite to its Ninja Experience Tour at Toronto Motorsports Park, where a couple of sedate laps aboard the Versys 1000 left me even more determined to get one on the road.

Near the end of the 2015 season, we finally got our hands on the redesigned 2015 LT variant, with its removable saddlebags and Candy Burnt Orange paint, and promptly set out on a week of touring and testing.

While the first iteration of the Versys 1000 looked to some (myself included) as if they threw a can of ugly all over the front fairing and then mounted the world's most obvious radiator just below to distract the eye, this new bike looks much more like the rest of the firm's sporting motorcycles. And I use the word "sporting" in the truest sense, as just behind the adequately disguised radiator is a 1043 cc motor, whose roots stretch way back to the original bad boy of sport bikes, the ZX-9R.



Effortless Delivery

Like those found in the Z1000 and Ninja 1000, the Versys' mill is the same horizontally mounted inline four-cylinder, in this case, producing 118 hp and 75 ft-lb of torque. The low-end power is impressive for a four-cylinder, and when coupled with a silky power delivery, virtually no vibration, a light clutch and slick six-speed gearbox, the Versys is the most effortless big-bore bike I've ridden. Just roll on the gas in

whichever gear suits you and ride the broad power band, leaving behind most anything lined up next to you. Roll-on tests in second gear from 40 km/h to 120 km/h took just four seconds; in third gear, the results were only about a second and a half slower. This means the six-speed gearbox - as good as it is - doesn't need much stirring to make a pass in traffic.

Now, I realize that not everyone is looking for litre-bike performance in

a motorcycle meant to tour, but as the name implies, this is a Versys (Versatile System) and it has many abilities, as I soon discovered.

Having unearthed the bike's brutish side, it was time to load up the easily detachable and lockable saddlebags for a trip into the wilderness. Since day one of the Versys 1000 model, I've admired the rear sub-frame's integrated bag mounts. Simply hook the bags in, then slide the locking tab in place and,



Instrument cluster is easy to read and displays all important information such as fuel level, engine temperature, trip meters, odometer, speedometer, tachometer and the status of both the traction control and power mode settings.

Newly redesigned front fairing looks sporty and does away with the controversial stacked headlight array of the previous model.

Separate-function 43 mm front fork handles damping in the right leg and spring preload in the left for better responsiveness.

voila, touring bike. With them removed, there's virtually no sign bags can be accommodated. Though they make the bike a bit wide for tight places, the saddlebags carry a respectable load for weekend jaunts, and should you need more, there's a 47-litre colour-matched top case available as an accessory.

Acute Angles

Even fully loaded, the Versys' axiom is effortless: steering inputs on the bar yield immediate results, the bike belying its wet weight of 249 kg. I'm still not sure how they've managed to disguise the mass of an inline-four perched up there on the long travel suspension. On public roads, it's planted and communicates the exact level of grip available, even when lean angles become extremely acute; you'd have a hard time going more quickly on any other bike. Sure, many are more powerful, lighter, livelier or more agile, but that doesn't always translate into the kind of confidence and surefootedness afforded by the Versys.

A good deal of the composure comes from a 43 mm inverted front fork with separate function: the right leg taking care of damping and the left leg managing the spring preload. The rear shock is adjustable for rebound damping and has remote spring preload adjustability for quick access when needing to accommodate heavy loads or passengers. I had the back set on the soft side for most of my time with the bike, but cranked up the preload and damping at one point, and immediately

The fairing has been redesigned for the better on the 2015 model. The knobs on the front adjust the windscreen, forcing the rider to stop to adjust height.

noticed less squat on acceleration and less of a tendency for the front wheel to get light. Another major factor in the bike's calm demeanor is a rigid frame that handles heavy loads and passengers with ease, instead of becoming vague and feeling as if a hinge has been installed somewhere midship.

In terms of rider accommodations, the Versys sports a wide, comfortable saddle for both passenger and rider, and all the controls, which fall easily to hand, are low in effort. Wind protection comes courtesy of an easily adjustable windshield with step-less adjustment; just loosen the knobs by hand, slide the shield to your preferred location and tighten them back up. Shorter riders will find good wind protection, while those approaching six feet and over will notice some buffeting at eye level, regardless of the shield's location.

Basic Information

The display on the Versys 1000 contains most of the important stuff, like a fuel gauge, engine temperature, trip meters, odometer, speedometer, tachometer and the status of both the traction-control and power-mode settings. Selecting one of two power modes is accomplished via a switch mounted on the left handlebar that also controls the three-level traction control. Aside from a few comparative roll-ons in the reduced power mode, I kept it in the full-power setting for the duration. Dropping 25 percent of the power at the push of a button would be a novel idea, if the Versys wasn't already butter smooth, and the multiple levels of traction control (TC) didn't already rein in any wheel spin. Where the TC really shines is on rough gravel roads, of which I sampled many. Rolling on the gas hard in full power mode with the TC on results in controllable and rapid forward progress - the TC light happily blinking away. Turn the TC off and you're left to interpret grip levels and let the rear spin up as desired.

Though the Tokico four-piston calipers on the 310 mm petal-style front rotors have been around a while, and may not be cutting edge, they do an admirable job hauling down the



Applying pressure on a bar end results in instant direction change for effortless handling in the twisties. (above) The bike gets a little wide with side cases mounted so care must be taken in tight confines. (right)

Versys, never leaving me wanting. The rear single-piston caliper and 250 mm rotor, on the other hand, needed a long travel and a fair bit of pressure from my right boot to get proper effect, but once working, there's lots of feel before the ABS actuates. And even when the ABS kicks in, front or rear, only a slight pulse can be felt at the controls as the bike comes to an uneventful stop.

Real-world Performance

For those on a budget but keen on the adventure/sport touring segment, the 2015 Versys 1000 LT is the bargain of the bunch at \$14,499 (2016 Versys 1000 LT retails for \$14,999). Real-world performance is on par with even the most expensive European competition unless you're an extremely experienced rider and like to get every ounce out of your ride. (In that case, you'd be more than doubling every speed limit in the country and would eventually end up on the evening news from the eye-inthe-sky perspective with a trail of red and blue flashing lights behind you.)

For the technophiles out there, this is not the advanced uber-bike of your dreams; with only three levels of TC,



two power modes and no adaptive suspension or cornering ABS, the Versys 1000 LT is about as basic as the segment gets. Buyers will, however, get class-leading comfort and an eminently capable machine - and did we mention that engine! There's a reason its roots go back as far as they do. Just ask any ZX-9R, Z1000 or 1000 Ninja owner what he or she thinks of the powerplant, and prepare to be there a while.

There's good reason for the Versys to pop up in the conversation of great bikes, but no good reason for it to fly below the radar if you're shopping in this segment. MM



2015 KAWASAKI VERSYS 1000 LT



LIST PRICE

\$14.499

WARRANTY

2 years, unlimited mileage

CONTACT

kawasaki.ca

ENGINE TYPE

Inline four-cylinder

DISPLACEMENT

1043 cc

POWER

118 hp (88 kW) at 9000 rpm

TOROUE

75 ft-lb (102 Nm) at 7500 rpm

BORE AND STROKE

77 x 56 mm

COMPRESSION RATIO

10.3:1

FUEL DELIVERY

Digital fuel injection with four 38 mm throttle bodies

TRANSMISSION

6-speed

FINAL DRIVE TYPE

Chain

FRONT SUSPENSION

43 mm inverted fork, adjustable rebound damping and spring preload

REAR SUSPENSION

Single shock with rebound damping and remote spring preload adjustment

WHEEL TRAVEL

Front: 150 mm (5.9 in.): Rear: 150 mm (5.9 in.)

BRAKES

Front: Two 310 mm discs with 4-piston calipers; Rear: 250 mm disc with single-piston caliper; ABS

WHEELBASE

1520 mm

RAKE AND TRAIL

27 degrees/106 mm

TIRES

Front: 120/70 ZR17;

Rear: 180/55 ZR17

WEIGHT (WET)

249 kg (549 lb)

SEAT HEIGHT

840 mm (33 in.)

FUEL CAPACITY

21 T.

FUEL ECONOMY (TESTED)

5.7 L/100 km

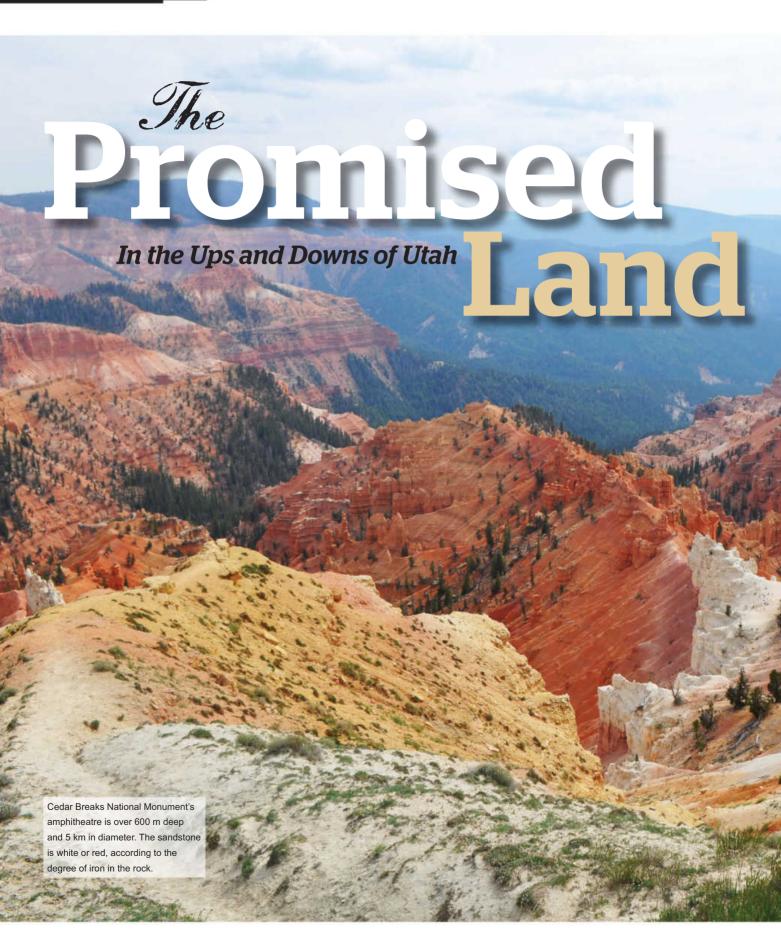
FUEL RANGE (ESTIMATED)

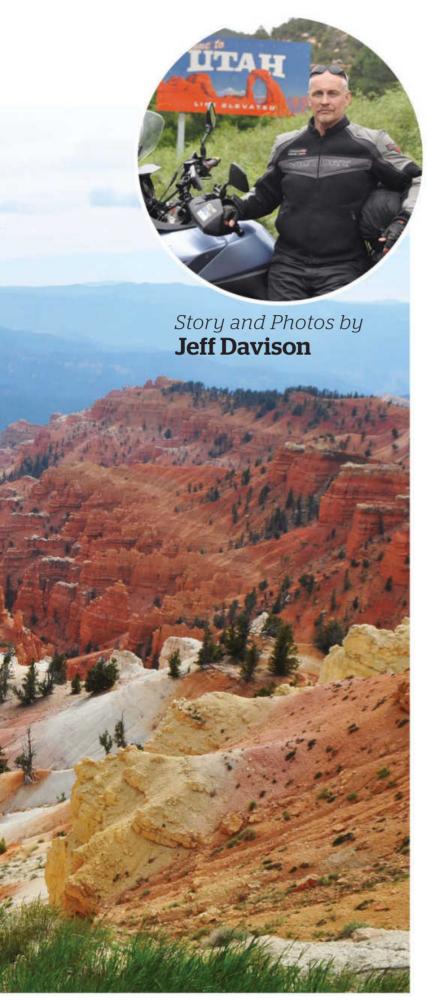
368 km



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FAST FACTS

ROOM TO ROAM

Dinosaur National Monument near Jensen, Utah, covers 800 square kilometres and includes a large collection of petroglyphs. Because of vandalism, many of the petroglyphs are not even marked on the map.

HARD WOMAN

Josie Bassett was known to have been romantically involved with Butch Cassidy and his "Wild Bunch."

Josie and her sister, "Queen" Ann Bassett were among only five women to ever reportedly enter "Robbers Roost," the infamous hideout used by Cassidy and his gang. Despite reports that Butch Cassidy was killed in Bolivia, Josie insisted till the end that he returned to Utah and lived there until the 1940s.

SALT LAKE

Salt Lake City is named as such thanks to its proximity to Great Salt Lake and was known as the "Crossroads of the West." It's also the headquarters of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

ZION

Zion National Park was originally named
Mukuntuweap National Monument in 1909 by
President William Howard Taft. In 1918, the National
Parks Service renamed it, because they thought people
would be more likely to visit if the title was not of
Native or Spanish origin and was easier to pronounce.

hat do you do when you've spent your long winter nights planning a glorious summer ride, only to discover two weeks before takeoff that the rear hub of your Honda NC700X is irreparably damaged and the replacement is back-ordered for at least a month? You could cancel or postpone your trip, or you could do the only reasonable thing a responsible adult would do: buy another motorcycle – say, a 2006 Suzuki V-Strom DL650 off the showroom floor. I left the Honda in the shop and took the V-Strom on surely one of the world's longer test rides. When I returned, I would decide which one to keep, since I had neither the room nor the resources for two bikes.



The quarry at Dinosaur National Monument displays over 1500 bones, many still intact as well as complete skeletons.

My target was northern and central Utah, where I hoped to avoid the kind of drenching I had previously received on the Atlantic coast. After several full days on the road, I crossed the Utah state line and pulled into Dinosaur National Monument near Jensen. By then, the V-Strom was already endearing itself to me. The windscreen was wider and sturdier than the Honda's, deflecting airflow around my head and insects away from my visor. The mirrors were bigger, providing a wider rear view. And the Givi side cases with Suzuki trunk were a full third bigger than Honda's OEM models. Perhaps best of all was the range - both of the fuel tank and the seat. I always loved the fuel economy of the NC700X (3.75 L/100 km). But the smaller tank reduced its range to 275 km; and the uncomfortable seat had the same effect

on my range – I was always happy to get off when it was time to refuel. The V-Strom may use a little more gas, but it also covered almost 400 km fully loaded. With my tent strapped on like a backrest, I could ride the stock seat all day.

Perfectly Preserved

I was glad to arrive, however, just before nightfall at Green River campground, having narrowly avoided several thunderstorms all around me. It was a beautiful display of dark and light in shifting curtains of rain and sun, and I was grateful to still be dry. In the early morning, I was awakened by the rustling of a golden-mantled ground squirrel under my bike cover. Perhaps he just wanted to check the brakes for me, but snapping his photo was a challenge, as he was never still for more than a millisecond. After breakfast, I visited a dinosaur quarry at Dinosaur National Monument, where, in 1909, Earl Douglass discovered the tail vertebrae of a giant dinosaur, the Apatosaurus,

in plain view. This led him and his

excited team of paleontologists to excavate the remains of 10 other species, including stegosaurus and allosaurus. The concentration of so many fossils in one location would indicate a rapidly rising and falling river that washed the bones into a kind of logjam, where they have remained for millions of years. After retrieving several specimens for Carnegie Museum, Douglass and his team left a wall partially excavated to reveal 1500 bones, many still visible as complete skeletons. More recently, the National Park Service has built an exhibit hall right over this wall. Outside trails lead to many other exposed

I then followed the winding gravel road to an unusual ranch within the park. In 1913, finding herself divorced and her children grown, Josie

Basset Morris moved to Cub Creek, where she began

homesteading. On her own, she built a log cabin of several rooms, with a fireplace and chimney. She raised cattle, which she kept in the box canyon nearby and she herself butchered for food. She also kept chickens for eggs and meat, and canned what she grew in her own

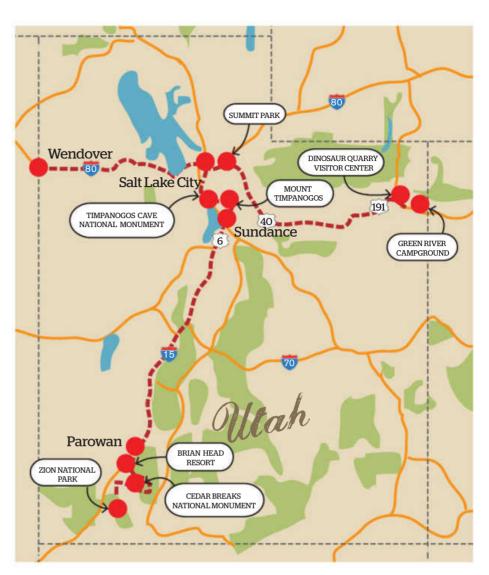
garden. Living alone for almost 50 years, she rode a horse and herded cattle until she was 90. Somehow my "roughing it" in a campground suddenly seemed like child's play.

Looking for the Salt

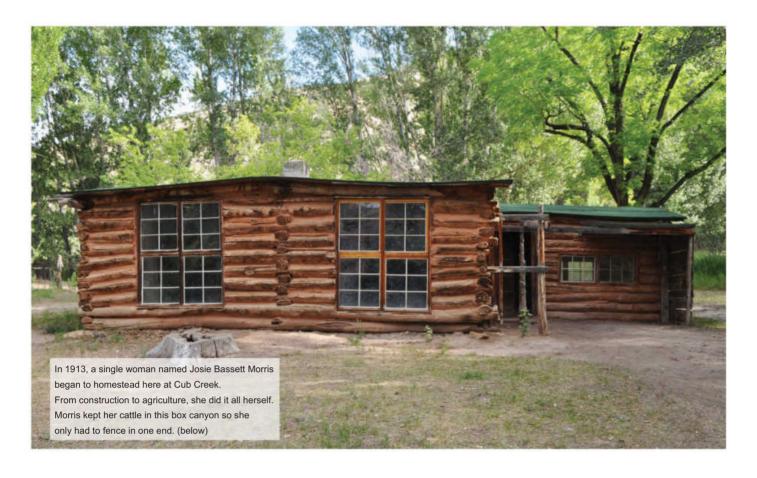
Duly humbled, I set out for Salt Lake City, soon donning rain gear; apparently, the storms I had outsmarted so far came looking for me with a vengeance and an uncomfortable drop in temperature. As I rode through Heber City and Summit Park, the scenery turned to open meadows and stands of bristlecone pine before I descended into Salt Lake City and the evening sun began to reappear. I chose Camelot Hostel (US\$19 per night) for its proximity to Addictive Behavior Motor Works, where I had scheduled maintenance and installation of new 50/50 on-/off-road tires. The new Mitas Enduro E07s would turn out to be both surprisingly quiet at speed on the Interstate and very effective in the loose gravel and powdery sand of the Utah desert. The shop owner, Candice Davis, and her team were very helpful and professional. Meanwhile, I visited the State Capitol buildings and the surrounding neighbourhoods, where I could see efforts are being made to revitalize the downtown and adjust to the phenomenal growth of the area.

The Home of Speed

Picking up the V-Strom from Addictive Behavior, I headed west on I-80 toward Wendover and the Bonneville Salt Flats. As I was nearing Wendover, the rainstorm I had been watching began to obscure the mountains in the distance, and I knew it was time to seek shelter. Fortunately, I had made it to exit 4







- Bonneville Speedway and the Salt Flats Café. I avoided a soaking while I took a short tour of the café walls covered with the photos of riders

and drivers who have set and then challenged land speed world records here. I chatted with a waiter who told me he had recently shot a 160-pound mountain lion and a 400-pound bear with his crossbow in

the nearby Bear

Claw hills - the

same Bureau of Land

Management land where I planned to camp, and where I would meet nothing more dangerous than a light rain. The thunderstorm that passed overhead did not really let loose until it was out over the flats, where it

became a sensational voltaic show.

In the morning, I visited the longanticipated Bonneville Speedway. It was test 'n' tune week, and I was

> excited to watch the trials, wander the pits and talk to the crews.

> > But the flats were mostly covered in water, and even where they weren't, they were too soft for most vehicles. All activities had been

had been
cancelled – for
the second year in
a row. Discussion in
the café was all about
the changing climate and

the damage being done by local salt-mining operations. I did get some photos and took advantage of the five-mile strip of asphalt that leads out onto the flats. The V-Strom DL650 tops out at

180 km/h, if anyone asks.

I then toured historic Wendover Airfield, which currently houses a small museum on the still-active U.S. Army Air Base. The base is most famous (infamous?) for its role in World War II when the Enola Gay, the B-29 bomber carrying an atomic bomb, departed for Hiroshima. It was sobering to view the hangar and the replica of the bomb know as "Little Boy," and I was glad to have happier places to visit in the days to come.

Crossing the Line

Wendover straddles the Utah-Nevada border, and the clearest indicator of the state line, aside from the white strip painted across the highway, is the row of casinos that are pressed up against it on the Nevada side. It even appeared to me that one of the casinos' foyers crossed the line into Utah, but perhaps if no gambling occurs in the foyer, it's all legal. On a tip from a local couple out front, I followed I-80 a few miles farther west to the hills overlooking the

town, and turned back east for the view. The Salt Flats are one of seven locations around the world where the curvature of the Earth is purportedly visible to the naked eye. With a little imagination, I could see it. I think. I then continued east on I-80, and although the speed limit was 130 km/h, it was nevertheless a long two hours back to Salt Lake City, where I followed the GPS southeast to Timpanogos Cave National

Monument. Arriving after dark, I collapsed in my bivy and slept like a petrified log.

Up early, I got my National Parks passport book stamped (the second stamp of the trip), and rode Highway 92, Alpine Scenic Drive. Winding in the shadow of Mt.

Timpanogos (elevation 3581 m), the 32 km route leads through rugged canyons of the Wasatch Range and up American Fork Canyon past Robert Redford's Sundance Ski Resort. I had hoped to stop and tell him how much I had enjoyed Brubaker, but alas, he was nowhere to be found. As I travelled south, the mountains became less green – the bristlecone pines giving way to sagebrush, and the earth becoming a deep red. At Parowan, I took Route 143 past Brian Head, a ski resort and vil-

lage, and arrived at Cedar Breaks
National Monument, where

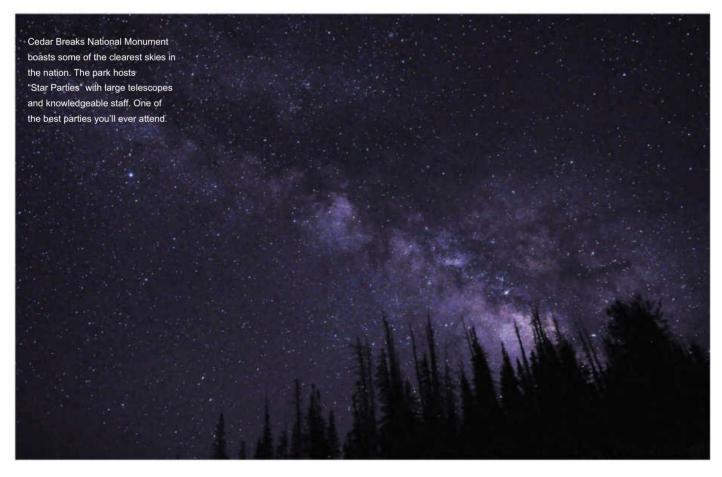
I was eager to attend a
"Star Party." At 3155 m
elevation, and secluded
from the light pollution of civilization,
Cedar Breaks offers
some of the clearest
skies in North America.
As darkness fell, I joined
a small gathering just
beyond the visitor center

at Point Supreme. Two guides trained their computerized telescopes on Jupiter and its four moons, Saturn



The author was glad to be heading away from this thunderstorm in northeastern Utah.

with its rings, and even the deep-space nebulae M8 and M13. I was thrilled to try my hand at star photography, and was pleased beyond my expectations at the results. Well after midnight, in the falling temperatures, the bike and I nestled into my Redverz Series II Expedition Tent. With room for a queen-size bed and a vestibule in one half, and a garage for the bike and luggage in the other, it all packs down to 6.5 kg and 22 x 53 cm: too large by backpacking standards, but most acceptable for motorcycle travel. I snuggled in and fell





The sun setting over Stansbury Island in the Great Salt Lake.

asleep to the sound of coyotes calling across the high meadows.

A Sight to Behold

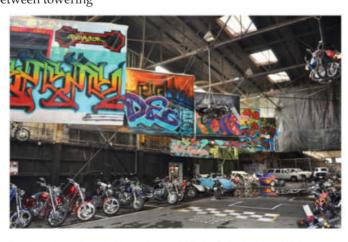
Morning was bright and cold - about 5 C - and I packed up while eating the last of my fresh fruit and vegetables for breakfast. Overlooking Point Supreme in the daylight, I was amazed at the view. The "amphitheatre" is over 600 m deep and 5 km in diameter, a gigantic spectacle of extraordinary formations in bold, brilliant colours of red and white, pink and orange. The Cedar Breaks high country was no less brilliant as meadows overflowed with larkspur, lupine, columbine and scarlet paintbrush. And the ride down Cedar Canyon was spectacular. Highway 14 was a paved, winding road that followed a riverbed between towering

cliffs, increasingly the colour of deep red brick. Turning onto Hwy 9 led me toward beautiful Zion National Park where, suddenly, towers of rock were before me, dazzlingly large, and then surrounding me as I followed the Virgin River. A ribbon of green in the desert marks the river's course. the sole source of

water for plant and animal. In fact, 500 times more species are found in this strand than in all the arid country around it. And for thousands of years, humankind has sought this place, a sanctuary in the dry reaches. The very name Zion means "promised land." O Zion! I had arrived.

Despite the Honda hiccup that nearly grounded my summer travel plans in a service bay, things were rolling along quite nicely. I was eager for the adventures to continue. And in case you wondered about the test ride, at the end of the season, I traded the NC700X. The V-Strom had stolen my heart.

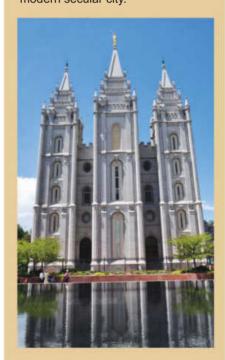




The decor is not the only thing unique at Addictive Behavior Motor Works in Salt Lake City.

Temple Square

n July 24, 1847, an exhausted Brigham Young, with 142 men, three women and two children, arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley and declared, "This is the place." Located in the centre of Salt Lake City is Temple Square, a 35-acre complex of impressive gardens, buildings and grounds of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Believing God had led them there, they began immediately to settle the "New Zion." Within 10 years, conflict erupted between the U.S. government and the Mormons over some of the church's unconventional beliefs, culminating in the Utah War of 1857. Salt Lake City still struggles with its identity, trying to strike a balance between capital of a major religion and modern secular city.



Salt Lake Temple, built by Mormon pioneers between 1853 and 1893. Without modern construction equipment.





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There are many reasons why someone might give up motorcycles, but a single ride many years later has Philip Nelson hooked on classic Hondas

Story by **Greg Williams**





The Start of a New Relationship

"I went up to visit my family, took the Suzuki for a ride, and the next week I went out and bought a Triumph Thruxton," Philip says. "I was 35 when that happened."

Philip, who lives in Calgary, still owns the Thruxton.

But, as a then budding motorcycle enthusiast, Philip discovered Bikeexif.com, a website that helps define trends in the world of custom machines. Particularly attracted to the café racer motorcycles featured on Bike Exif, Philip decided he'd build one and purchased a 1978 Honda CB550. When he removed the Windjammer fairing and bags, he discovered that underneath all the extras he had a very nice, original machine. Philip made a café-style seat and installed a set of Ace drop bars, but didn't want to go any further by cutting tabs and making irreversible changes.

Time to Go All Out

When he saw the bikes coming out of Jay LaRossa's California shop, Lossa Engineering, however, Philip couldn't constrain himself any longer.

"I decided I had to go full out and build something completely custom," Philip says. "So, I found this 1974 Honda CB360 on Kijiji in August 2012. It looked rough when I was buying it, but after I got it home, I realized how rough it really was."

According to Philip, who paid \$600 for the project bike, everything was dented, and a previous owner had put the machine together poorly. As well, the front brake was seized, the forks leaked suspension fluid and the rear brake was hardly functioning. On the bright side, it ran, sort of.

Philip had sketched a side profile image to help guide the build and had incorporated the enticing lines of a Benelli Mojave gas tank. He found one of these rare tanks on eBay, and he stripped the Honda's old tank and seat away to sit the Benelli tank atop the frame.

"I also had some clip-on bars I'd bought at the local Millarville [vintage motorcycle] Swap Meet, and hung them on there with a different headlight up front. It was obvious that to go much

further, I'd have to break out the Sawzall."

The Destruction Begins

He cut away all the tabs that held the Honda's stock side panels and airbox, and also pared away the toolkit, rear passenger pegs and the section of frame behind the shock absorber mounts. After Derek Pauletto of Calgary's Trillion Industries welded in mounts to support the Benelli tank and a new rear frame loop, Philip stood back (literally) to admire the Honda. That's when he discovered, when viewed from behind, the CB360's rear wheel appeared cocked in the frame, and learned, to his dismay, the rear swingarm was bent.

Straightening it was an option he investigated, but for the money it would cost, he found a used one on eBay and paid \$30 for the replacement - and then paid almost double that to ship it to his doorstep. Thankfully, the eBay swingarm was straight and true.

To match the Benelli Mojave gas tank, Philip learned how to work with glass mat and resin to form this tail section, which doubles as the hiding spot for the Honda's electrical system, battery and regulator.







Learning New Skills

Philip wanted the lines of the Honda's rear tail section to match the Benelli gas tank, and nothing he saw for sale online looked appropriate. So, he took matters into his own hands and spent two months forming a tail out of fibreglass, learning how to work with the glass mat and resin materials all the while. Into the back of the tail section he molded a small round light he sourced from U.S. custom parts supplier Dime City Cycles. Also, all of the Honda's electrical system, including the battery and solid-state regulator, is tucked under the rear hump.

To accentuate the curves of the

Benelli tank, Philip cut and handformed thin aluminum panels. It was
the first time he'd ever done any metal
forming, but he'd first made some
cardboard templates and then patiently
worked with a rubber hammer and
a piece of hardwood dowel clamped
in his bench vise to get the shape he
wanted. That's also how he made
the aluminum panels gracing the tail
section – these were to be trimmed with
a thin pad and leather, but after seeing
the polished pieces in place, Philip
decided to forego the covers.

He also made his own brass dash panel that's located between the aftermarket speedometer and I WENT UP TO VISIT MY FAMILY, TOOK THE SUZUKI FOR A RIDE, AND THE NEXT WEEK I WENT OUT AND BOUGHT A TRIUMPH THRUXTON.



After forming and polishing the seat panels, Philip decided not to cover them with leather

tachometer, and the headlight was another Millarville Swap Meet find that's meant to be on a Yamaha.

Put It Together, Now Take It Apart

After mocking up the bike, Philip took it all apart and sent the frame and swingarm to Calgary Powder Coating. In their hands, the chassis was treated to a grey coating that's got a slight hint of green in it. The gas tank and tail section were dropped off with Guy

While freshening up the top end, Philip took great care in polishing the engine, in particular, the engine's side cases

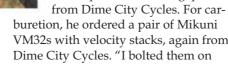
St. Pierre of Cyclemania Artworks in Okotoks for the blue paint.

While waiting for parts to come back, Philip polished everything that was aluminum, including the fork triple trees and lower sliders. Nothing was sent out for chrome plating, and Philip's polishing wheels were given a workout in returning some of the original lustre to the front fender and rear shock springs. Both wheels are stock, simply cleaned up and treated to

> new bearings and tires, a Pirelli up front and an Avon out back, while new brake pads were sourced from online supplier Canada's Motorcycle.

When the engine was out of the frame, Philip took the top end apart, replacing the rings and freshening up the head. He cleaned and polished the entire engine, paying meticulous attention to all the alloy side covers. He's running stock header pipes with a pair of small megaphones

VM32s with velocity stacks, again from



there, and they were almost perfectly set up for the bike," Philip says.

A Distinguished Gentleman Hits the Road

The café racer was finished in late 2014, just in time for the Distinguished Gentleman's Ride (raising funds for prostate cancer research and sponsored in part by Triumph) in Calgary. That ride was, in fact, the bike's maiden voyage, and Philip says it ran like a top – and continues to do so. There are just over 1100 km on the odometer now, and he takes the Honda CB360 on

journeys to nearby destinations such as Banff, or just around town running errands.

The cattle have long since been forgotten, and motorcycles play a large role in Philip's life. He's now working on two Honda 305 Superhawks, just like the one his dad once owned. One of the Superhawks will be stock, and the other will be turned into a café racer.



THE CAFÉ RACER WAS FINISHED IN LATE 2014, JUST IN TIME FOR THE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN'S RIDE



Story by **Greg Williams**

The first motorcycle restored by Gagan was this 1950 Francis-Barnett Merlin.

A leader, an innovator and a living legend

Pete Gagan

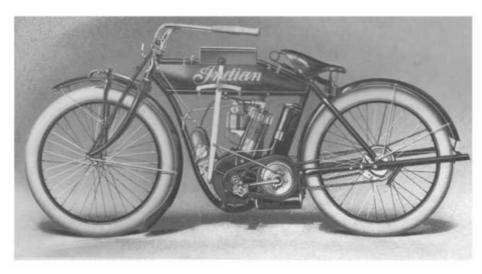
ioneer motorcyclists had nerves of steel. For the most part, everything was an experiment as early designers built and tested their creations. Power – internal combustion or steam. Engine placement – under the frame, in the frame, over the front wheel, behind the rear wheel. Ignition, carburetion, controls, power transfer – many variations were tried and assessed until a familiar layout became established.

For many decades, antique motorcycle historian Pete Gagan of British Columbia has been fascinated by all aspects of old machines. He's gone so far as to build replica machines, where no



This steam-powered 1896 Roper
was purchased as a running
project, and Gagan spent time
making it look more period
correct. (right)
A representation of Gagan's
first antique motorcycle,
a 1912 Indian. (below)





originals exist, so he – and others – could experience the trials and tribulations of early motorcyclists. He's enlisted help from the likes of Paul Brodie and Flashback Fabrications (see *Motorcycle Mojo*, December 2012, for more on Paul) to recreate some early machines, including an 1895 Pennington and a 1900 Orient. Others, such as an 1896 steam-powered Roper, were existing replicas he made look more period correct, and an 1884 Copeland high wheel steam velocipede was created using an original Star high wheel bicycle.

Pete has acquired many of the patent drawings, filed with the U.S. Patent office, in order to build these early motorcycles. The Pennington, however, was recreated using Edward Joel Pennington's original drawings.

was recreated using Edward Joel
Pennington's original drawings.

"The Pennington was the first
gasoline-powered two-wheeler," Pete
says from his home in Parksville on
Vancouver Island. "Pennington was

quite a character. He was a con man, and with his machine he bilked a lot of Americans out of a lot of money. He moved to England, and did the same thing there. He did manage to build at least five motorcycles, but none of the originals survive."

He continues, "I don't want to compromise an original machine, and I would only reproduce something that's no longer in existence."

Transplanted

We're calling Pete a legend from British Columbia because he's been based in this western province for almost 40 years. Born and raised in Ontario, Pete has an extensive history of championing old and interesting motorcycles in Canada and abroad.

His first machine – that actually ran – was a 1950 Francis-Barnett Merlin. "A friend of ours had the bike in his garage, and my dad took an interest in it," Pete recalls. "Dad borrowed the



FAST FACTS

BEGINNINGS OF A LEGACY

The first running bike Pete Gagan owned was a 1950 Francis-Barnett Merlin. He was only 14 at the time, two years younger than the required driving age of 16, which he was reminded of by the police officer who caught him riding on the roads.

During his two-year wait for a motorcycle licence, Pete restored the Merlin in preparation for his 16th birthday.

LEADER OF THE PACK

In 1968, Pete, along with a few local enthusiasts in the Port Credit, Ontario, area, founded the Canadian Vintage Motorcycle Group (CVMG).

At the age of 19, Pete joined the Antique Motorcycle Club of America (AMCA).

Some years later, he would become the seventh president of the AMCA. In 2008, he resigned as the club's president to take the role of president at the newly formed Antique Motorcycle Foundation.

A MASTERPIECE

The Copland replica Pete created was a star attraction at the Guggenheim's Art of the Motorcycle exhibition when it opened on the Las Vegas Strip in October 2001.



Pete's replica 1895 Pennington.



IT HAD MORNING GLORY
VINES GROWING OVER IT,
AND HE'D PAINTED THE
FENCE WITH WHITEWASH
AND IT WAS ALL OVER
THE INDIAN, TOO," PETE
RECALLS. "I BROUGHT IT
HOME IN THE TRUNK OF
MY DAD'S BRAND NEW
PONTIAC.

Merlin, but fell off it and managed to bend the frame. Because of that accident, he felt obligated to buy it."

Pete says his dad wasn't mechanically inclined and, in fact, couldn't tell one end of a screwdriver from the other - but he encouraged his son's interests. With the Merlin in the Gagans' garage, Pete stripped it down and had the frame straightened. After that, it was back together and he was riding it, illegally, on the streets at the age of 14. The police soon caught him and he was escorted home. The officers told his parents Pete was handling the motorcycle just fine, but he shouldn't be riding it until he was 16. With two years to go, he disassembled the Merlin and patiently brush-painted the frame, fenders and gas tank, and ordered some new parts from England to complete the motorcycle in time for his 16th birthday.

Funding the Habit

"I earned my motor vehicle money by cutting grass for neighbours after school," Pete says. "The man across the road was the sales manager of a lawn mower manufacturer, and he let me use his demo equipment. With a fleet of power equipment, I could cut way more lawns in a week than other kids with hand mowers, and I offered no discounts."

Ironically, it was a car that led Pete to acquire his first true antique motorcycle. There was a 1916 Saxon automobile parked in the driveway of a home in Long Branch, Ontario, and Pete thought he wanted it. The owner wouldn't sell it, but he would let him have, for \$15, a 1912 Indian that was leaning against the fence.

"It had morning glory vines growing over it, and he'd painted the fence with whitewash and it was all over the Indian, too," Pete recalls. "I brought it home in the trunk of my dad's brand new Pontiac."

In the manner he'd performed an amateur restoration on the Francis-Barnett, Pete did the same with the Indian. Large parts were stripped, but this time, working in the family basement, he used a vacuum cleaner

attachment that came with his mom's 1920s Hoover to spray-paint the pieces red. This is a detail he clearly remembers, as he turned everything pink, including the laundry hanging to dry. He wasn't popular for some time after that.

The Indian gas tank was so badly rusted, he put a fake tank inside the original. He had a connection with a chrome-and-nickel-plating firm, where he had all the bright work redone. A journey of almost 500 km aboard the Indian was undertaken when he rode it on a London to Brighton, Ontario, run with a number of antique cars. He pedalled it for most of the journey because the carburetion wasn't correctly set and the plugs were fouling.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co. Ltd.

"While I was at the platers when I was restoring the Indian, a truck driver came in and said he had a motorcycle older than mine," Pete says. "He'd bought a house, and behind the furnace was a 1908 CCM [Canada Cycle & Motor Co. Ltd.] that had been stored there since around 1938."

A small-displacement Swiss-made Motosacoche clip-on engine powered the CCM machine, and the bicycle maker produced very few examples. Pete was offered the CCM for \$5, and he bought it. With some crude effort, he got it running and was able to ride it around the block, but says it took him almost 50 years before he properly restored it. The CCM is now in the collection maintained by the Deeley Motorcycle Exhibition in Vancouver.

In those early days, Pete says there were very few people with whom he could share his interest in antique motorcycles. When he bought an old Ford Model T, he joined the Ontario Region of the AACA (Antique Automobile Club of America). Soon after that, Pete met Charlie Emmans, an Englishman who'd immigrated to Canada. Charlie had a 1905 Riley and a 1903 Kerry, and had ridden in all the London to Brighton Pioneer Runs (established in 1930 as an endurance event for pre-1915 motorcycles) before moving to Canada.

In 1959, Pete - who was 19 at the

time – and Charlie, joined the AMCA (Antique Motorcycle Club of America). "I went on a few trips to the U.S. with Charlie, who was born the same year as my father," Pete says. "However, I didn't have that much money to attend many of the early AMCA meets, and they were always so far away."

Starting a Legacy

By 1968, Pete was aware of at least a few other local vintage motorcycle enthusiasts, and in November of that year, invited them over to his house in Port Credit, Ontario, for an informal gathering. This group continued to meet, and the name Canadian Vintage Motorcycle Group (CVMG) was

in Calgary, and then in Lethbridge, Alberta, but neither stayed together. There is now, however, an active Calgary section that's existed since 1996. There are two CVMG sections in B.C., in Vancouver and Vancouver Island. Pete still plays a role in the group, as he is both president and treasurer of the Island section.

Pete played an even more important role in the world of promoting vintage motorcycling during his tenure, first as treasurer and then as the seventh president, with the Antique Motorcycle Club of America.

Canadian Content

"The Americans are quite insular," Pete



One of Gagan's earliest antique motorcycle purchases was this made-in-Canada CCM motorcycle, powered by a Motosacoche engine.

suggested and adopted. For the first few years, Pete says he was one of the main sparkplugs behind the nascent organization, and that initially there was neither formal structure nor any membership dues.

The CVMG will soon be turning 50 years old, and currently has more than 2300 members who are part of 32 sections located across Canada. After leaving Ontario in the early 1970s, Pete attempted to start up sections

notes. "So, for a Canadian to become president of the 12,000-member-strong AMCA, sit on boards of three different U.S. motorcycle museums and also be a curator of the Guggenheim 'Art of the Motorcycle' exhibit was, in my mind, no small deal."

Pete was president of the AMCA for close to six years, and, in 2007, he helped establish the Antique Motorcycle Foundation. The foundation, according its website



In England, 2012, Gagan with a loaned 1927 Zenith 350 Blackburn in front of Malcolm Campbell's shop at Brooklands. He had just run a successful blast up the test hill and around the banking.

nine in his stable, including the replica 1896 Roper.

Of what pioneering motorcyclist Sylvester H. Roper would have experienced riding his steam-powered invention in the late 1800s, Pete says, "I've had it to 40 mph with lots of throttle left, but no more nerve.

Rims are period hickory, and that spoon brake doesn't inspire confidence."

AND EVEN AFTER 60
YEARS OF TINKERING
WITH OLD MOTORCYCLES,
PETE CONTINUES
TO DO WHAT HE CAN
TO FACILITATE THE
ENTHUSIASM OF YOUNG
RIDERS

Gagan prepares to ride his 1929 Brough Superior Black Alpine 680, circa 1998. (below)

(Amf.foundation), is a separate entity of the AMCA. It's a non-profit, tax-exempt educational foundation, created to help inform the greater public of the "role motorcycles have played in the evolution of technology and culture in the industrialized world." The foundation also aims to help those with an interest in old motorcycles learn vital skills that are necessary in keeping these mechanized machines in operating condition. To foster the art of restoration and preservation, the foundation has launched and funded an educational grant program.

Pete has often been the only Canadian at many European historic motorcycle events, including the Irish Rally and the London to Brighton Pioneer Run. In the mid-1990s, he and wife Mary Jane maintained a small flat in Handcross, West Sussex, so they could attend English rallies and runs.

Passing the Torch

And even after 60 years of tinkering with old motorcycles, Pete continues to do what he can to facilitate the enthusiasm of young riders interested in antique powered two-wheelers. He's been teaching his teenaged neighbour how to ride a 1912 Fabrique Nationale, and says that's one way to introduce youngsters to the hobby. From Brough Superiors to Zenith Graduas, Pete figures he's owned more than 150 interesting machines. Currently, there are



GREG WILLIAMS



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The Continuing (Mis)adventures of a Knucklehead, The Second Chapter

Previously, David Williams and his mysterious riding partner, Fx, embarked on a four-day ride, but owing to poor planning and being easily distracted, the pair find themselves nowhere near their destination of Lund, British Columbia, so technically, the story hasn't even started yet

Story and Photos by **David G. Williams**



ith little left of the day and us being in Port Hardy (which is only a few hundred kilometres and a ferry ride away from where we were supposed to be), Fx and I burned it south.

We were still rational enough to realize that evening was not the best time of day to burn it anywhere, what with all the signs promising caribou crossings for the next 65 km, so Fx broke out her trusty camping book.





Nimpkish Lake, named for the Namgis First Nation, looked good. The book promised a stellar (and free) camping site. When we turned off the highway, the road was loose gravel and dirt once again. As the camping spot was several kilometres in from the highway, I scouted each section ahead, and then rode back to report on just how easy the next section was (I'm such a liar). And that steep downhill section with the Y junction and a sharp hook right at the bottom with potholes and sections of deep gravel would be nothing for a fully loaded Suzuki 1250 Bandit with street tires. Being the Scottish trouper that she is, Fx would not back away from a challenge, especially when I lied so extravagantly about how easy it all was.

We arrived at a spectacular setting on the shore of the lake and snagged the best spot, right at the end of the road. We had our own beach and no one near The rain stopped and blue skies prevailed during the ferry rides along the Sunshine Coast as the pair headed back to B.C.'s Lower Mainland. (above)

Totem poles, carved by First Nations people, are spiritually significant and can tell family history, traditional legends or serve as a memorial. (right)

to bother us. Many kilometres long and at least a couple across, the lake and setting were deep-sigh beautiful, and I think this was the best of all the camping spots I'd experience on this trip to Vancouver Island.

Time for a Bath

Once we had established camp, there was a hint of rain in the forecast, so Fx displayed her extraordinary origamilike tarping skills, manufacturing quite a spacious two-tarp area for us between the tents to wander and cogitate while cooking and eating and reciting sections from our favourite *Motorcycle Mojo* editorials.



ONE MOMENT THERE WAS LONG ENOUGH TO CONVINCE ME THAT PEOPLE WHO SWIM IN LAKES SUCH AS THESE MUST BE WOMEN OR EUNUCHS, AND I RAN FOR SHORE, SCREAMING LIKE A LITTLE GIRL

It was about this point each evening that we would have a little debate about hygiene. Fx is a staunch advocate of actually bathing each day. I, on

the other hand, believe in all things in moderation, especially hygiene while camping. The previous night, while Fx donned her bathing costume to refresh herself in McCreight Lake, I stayed back to guard the camp at great personal risk due to wildlife, and because the water was freaking cold. Tonight, after the verbal abuse I had taken the evening before, I was determined to brave the lovely looking waters of Nimpkish. I too donned my bathing costume and set out, all hearty-like, for the shore in my riding boots. (Try not to picture this in your mind, as it will only cause you discomfort.) At any rate, let's just say the water was quite refreshing. And as Fx splashed and swam and laughed like a madwoman, I made it all the way out from shore to my . . . crotchal



The plaque at Port Hardy's carrot says it all.

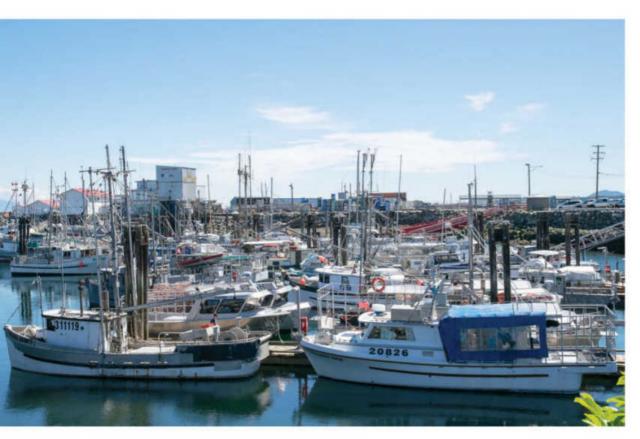
area. One moment there was long enough to convince me that people who swim in lakes such as these must be women or eunuchs, and I ran for shore, screaming like a little girl. But my legs were clean. And a bluish colour.

The next morning, day four of the four-day trip, we finally made the push down the coast of the Island to Comox and the ferry to Powell River, mere spitting distance to Lund and our original destination of Mile Zero! Nailed it! Except for the rain. The day we arrived in Lund, the entire purpose of this trip and when I was to begin taking photos, it rained. In fact, it had rained for the trip to Lund, as well, so we had arrived wet. But, there was the Mile Zero marker!

The Start of a Beautiful Journey

Built in 2009 from locally sourced stone by Al McKenzie, a self-taught local stoneworker, and clad around the base with hand-painted commemorative tiles, the monument comes complete with a time capsule inside, should the tower ever be disassembled.

Now, I have to be honest, whoever determined that this road is the same road as the one that ends in Chile 15,202 km away is a mystery to me. But to stand there, and think that you could just hop on your bike with a credit card and end up in Chile in a month or so just by sticking to this road is a bit of a rider's dream. In fact, the tower has become a bit of a magnet for touring motorcyclists since being built.



Crowded fishing ports like this one at French Creek Harbour are a common sight along Vancouver Island's east coast

As proof, when I arrived, there was a bike parked inside the fencing that surrounds the monument. A passing stranger asked me whether that was my bike, once he identified that my hi-viz riding gear wasn't actually a Power Ranger suit.

"Not mine," I replied.

"Hunh," said he. "It's been there for about four days and nobody knows who it belongs to." Then he wandered off. This had me thinking two things: One, someone should maybe look into where the missing rider is, but not me. Two, they don't get really excited about parking illegally by the monument in Lund.

So, I took pictures of the monument. We rode our bikes right out onto the edge of the pier and parked them to take more pictures, and rescued a couple of Americans whose rather large boat was trapped by another rather large boat, but nobody knew who the offending boat belonged to either, so we just untied it, let the Americans out, and then tried to re-tie the offending boat while the Americans motored happily away. I hope the boat was still there when the

owner returned. I am not a sailor.

Having soaked up all we could of Lund, and facing the fact that we weren't going to make it home that night, we searched out another charming campsite in the rain. I participated in more

tarping extravagance, and Fx chose to bathe again. I was already wet enough.

Do You **Need Eagle** Pictures?

The next day dawned, and now a day past our allotted total trip time, it was obvious this ride was not working to plan, but what the heck? On down to Powell River and sun! This struck me as a photo op, and I acted accordingly. There was a nice stretch of the highway right along the beach, and I had the idea to have Fx

ride back and forth while I attempted an artsy image of her blurred bike with the beach and water in focus in the background. I set up my tripod and camera on the side of the road away

> from the beach and lined up my shot. She started rid-

ing by, back and forth, as I'd told her I'd signal when I had enough shots.

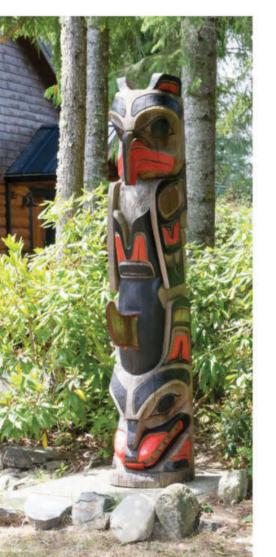
> I'm not sure she'll do that again.

Just then, a black Ford F-150 pulled onto the shoulder close to where I was set up. It was Santa. Apparently, he hangs around that area in the off-season and drives his pickup while

wearing plaid shirts and suspenders. As he approached, I tried not to make it obvious that I was in the presence of a celebrity.

"Whatcha doin'?" he asked with a cheery grin. I explained that I was working on a story for a motorcycle magazine and was taking some photos of a friend I had riding back and forth for the story. "Hunh," said Santa, and proceeded to chat about the town, the scenery and life in general as Fx continued to ride back and forth. Finally he said, "Do you need some pictures of eagles? You can get some great pictures of eagles." And he proceeded to tell me where I could get some really great pictures of eagles. I thanked him, and explained that I'd better get back to work. Fx was looking dehydrated, even through her full-face helmet.

I lined up my shot as Santa drove off, and – "Whatcha doin'?" I turned to find a fellow, at least in his 90s, complete with cane, plaid shirt and suspenders, but much slimmer than Santa. I went through my explanation again, trying to convey a sense of urgency as Fx rode by



again, glaring at me through her visor. "Hunh," said the old-timer. "You know, you can get some great pictures of eagles right near here. Do you need any pictures of eagles?" and on he went. He finally wrapped it up by saying, "You know, if you need some pictures of eagles, I've got lots. I could send you some. I'll tell you what, just give me your business card, and I'll send you some pictures of eagles." Fx had to stop for gas.

Friendly Locals

Now, when you're on what's called the "Sunshine Coast," which is where Lund and Powell River are, you're on the mainland, but to get to the Lower Mainland, as in North Vancouver, where Williams HQ is, you actually have to take a couple of short ferry hops, because no one thought to build a bridge or a chunnel or something, and they already have a lot of ferries out there. Thus, we arrived at Saltery Bay for the first hop. But as we pulled up at the office with the mechanical arm that rises to let you into the loading area, we discovered that the office didn't open for another hour. Fortunately, like pretty much everywhere else north of Vancouver, there were some cheerful and relaxed employees inside who came out in the heat to talk to us, told us to just leave the bikes right there at the gate (blocking the entrance) and to just take a stroll up the road a piece to the café and have some lunch. "Don't worry about the bikes. We'll keep an eye on them." And they did.

While dining at a picnic table, an affable young man whom we'd never seen before decided to join us for lunch and tell us about all the hunting and fishing in the area, his work, his car, the guys he worked with, etc. Travelling around B.C., outside the large urban areas, is utterly charming. And you can camp for free!

After ferry number one, it was on to the town of Gibsons, home of The Beachcombers television series, and another short ferry ride back to Horseshoe Bay, then a quick ride back to North Vancouver.

As I was putting the story together in my head after our five-day

A PASSING STRANGER ASKED ME WHETHER THAT WAS MY BIKE, ONCE HE IDENTIFIED THAT MY HI-VIZ RIDING GEAR WASN'T ACTUALLY A POWER RANGER SUIT

adventure, I began to realize that this story isn't really about Mile Zero. It's about what happens when you're out there on the road and the people you meet and the places you find. "I should really write about that," I thought, "and not tell Editor Roberts, because he'll kill me when he sees how long this is, and that I didn't even really write about what I was supposed to." I didn't really get enough photos of the first part of the trip, so I should really go back to the Island and do the trip again by myself and get more photos. So I did. But I can't tell you about that because it will take several more pages and I'd have to tell you about how I went to Victoria and rode up the west side to Port Renfrew, and how that Cowichan Lake road is a real corker (because I decided to ride across the island this time, too), and about saving the grandmother, and my bike blowing over from the extreme wind in Port Hardy, breaking my front brake lever and having to fix my luggage by beating it with my dad's hatchet and how there's another Mile Zero in Port Hardy, but it's for a different road, and about Lasqueti Island, where the American draft dodgers used to hide and now they don't like visitors and it's completely off the grid, and there's a house made of pop bottles and some people just live in tents yearround and . . .

Well, maybe I'll tell you about that another time. **MM**

Chulence Epitomized

With motorcycles crashing the party for the first time, it was bound to be the best event yet





Gene Brown's 1952 Vincent Rapide took home top honours in class. Only 17 of the red/black models were made and this is a numbers matching example.

This fine, 1950 Vincent Touring Rapide Series C was displayed by Ronald Stuart of Mississauga, Ontario.



Strolling onto the property at Cobble Beach Golf Resort brought back many memories of my previous life as a golf professional, where I'd spent nearly a decade strolling perfectly manicured fairways, gazing at intentionally exploited vistas and rubbing elbows with people well above my pay grade. However, I hadn't been invited for the purposes of nostalgia or - regrettably - to enjoy the fabulous Doug Carrickdesigned links-style layout, for, on this day, the property had been transformed into a showcase of automotive wonders, with a special invitation extended to one, particularly important marque of the two-wheeled variety.

An Eye for a View

Perched along Georgian Bay's southwestern shores, Cobble Beach Golf Resort in Kemble, Ontario (near Owen Sound), was the brainchild of Willis McLeese and his son, and current CEO, Rob McLeese. The golf course at the heart of this 574-acre resort community has received several honours for its design since opening, and marrying the

property to an equally elegant event began in earnest in 2011.

All the hard work has resulted in an incredibly impressive event, as was made obvious as I stood on the course's 18th tee, its fairway lined with automobiles of every era, from steam-powered to the finest Italian V12 – all meticulously maintained and displayed by class.

After touring the grounds and having snapped far too many pictures of beautiful automobiles, it was time to get to work and begin acquainting myself with the two-wheeled featured marque.

The Guests of Honour

From 1928 to 1955, Vincent motorcycles produced some of the most desirable and highest-performance machines the world had yet seen. Perhaps the best evidence of their remarkable lineage and value, both intrinsically and monetarily, could be found at the 2015 Cobble Beach Concours d'Elegance, where for the first time in the event's short history, a motorcycle class was included. And it was truly a single

FAST FACTS

IT'S FRENCH FOR...

Derived from the French term meaning a competition of elegance, the Concours d'Elegance dates back to 17th-century French society, with horse-drawn carriages being paraded through the parks of Paris.

UP AND COMING

The 2015 Cobble Beach Concours d'Elegance in Kemble, Ontario, was the third running of the event. This was the first year to include a motorcycle class.

LATER THIS YEAR

For 2016, the Cobble Beach event will take place on September 17 and 18.

ACCOLADES

In 2007, Cobble Beach Golf Course was named in the Top 10 Best New Courses in the World by *Travel + Leisure* magazine.

TIME TO DREAM

Howard Raymond Davies, founder of HRD Motors, was an RAF pilot in the First World War. He was shot down and captured by the Germans in 1917. It's said he conceived the idea of building his own motorcycle while a prisoner of war. HRD would later be acquired and become HRD Vincent.

A LEGEND IS BORN

Supposedly, the Vincent motorcycle known as "Gunga Din" was chosen as the company's development motorcycle because someone accidentally filled it with kerosene instead of oil, causing it to become mechanically noisy.

Basically, it was a reject.



Perched above the shores of Georgian Bay, the clubhouse at Cobble Beach provides panoramic views of the course and surrounding natural beauty.



Bar Hodgson accepts the congratulations of the judges and a second place ribbon for his 1955 Black Prince Series D.

class, as the organizers had chosen to honour only the Vincent marque.

On hand were several pristine examples, restored to the highest standards. One such bike, a 1955 Black Prince Series D from the collection of Bar Hodgson, showcased the styling of early-faired bikes with its elegant fibreglass bodywork (a first for motorcycles) and faultless presentation. The efforts did not go unnoticed by the judges: the Black Prince took home a second in class.

A personal favourite was a 1949 Vincent Rapide Series B belonging to Philip Mahood of Orleans, Ontario. It wore a natural patina, looking as though a caring owner had taken great joy in riding the bike regularly, but ensured it was maintained and ready to ride off down a country lane at the drop of a hat. Incidentally, Mr. Mahood is responsible for the restoration of Bar's 1955 Black Prince.

Garnering top honours on the day was a 1952 Vincent Rapide belonging to Gene Brown of Denver, Colorado. The sight of the winning ribbon adorning the handlebar of his prized Vincent must have made his trip across the continent well worth the effort. His smile and jubilation served to illustrate just how prestigious an award it was, especially in such company.

Master Class

On a day with many highlights, I was treated to one I could never have expected. During the busiest point in the day and with judging in full swing, I had the pleasure of spending some time with Bar and his wife, Hedy. Despite having three of his Vincents on display, Bar took the time to introduce me to each of the motorcycles, and not just his, all of them! As though each were an old friend, he explained their history and pedigree, even pointing out individual components and idiosyncrasies of the model, often adding in a note about the current and former owners. His knowledge of not just this one brand but of all things

motorcycling is unimaginable, and I was getting a master class – unimaginable indeed!

As mentioned earlier, the Hodgsons had three bikes on the 18th fairway that day: the 1955 Black Prince Series D, a 1952 Vincent Black Lightning Series C and a 1947 Vincent HRD Rapide known as "Gunga Din." Though the last bike was not entered for judging, it is perhaps the single-most important Vincent ever created. Gunga Din was a test mule for the factory and somehow survived the ravages of competition and time.

The bike earned its name from journalist Charlie Markham, who had tested it in 1948, after which he quoted a famous line from the Rudyard Kipling poem Gunga Din: "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!" referring to his inability to extract the bike's full potential. The name stuck.

And even though Gunga Din was not officially competing, the organizers and judges had in mind an even greater honour for this classic.

Near the end of the day's events, after most every award had been handed out, Bar fired up Gunga Din and rode across the awards podium to receive the prestigious Margaret Dunning Spirit of Driving Award.

For those unaware, myself included until I began research for this story, Ms. Margaret Dunning passed away on May 17, 2015, at the age of 104. Her contributions to the automotive industry in her home state of Michigan and elsewhere deserve many more pages than we could hope to provide. She leaves behind a great legacy.

A 1936 Vincent-HRD Series A Comet looks ready for a lake-side picnic and afternoon tour with its period luggage and wicker picnic basket.





Earning Best in
Class here means
the world to these
participants (left)
The "Lost Singapore
Lightning"
was completed
by Bar Hodgson just
in time for this
event. (right)



Philanthropic Endeavours

As with many events like the Cobble Beach Concours d'Elegance, there's often a charitable cause for which all the hard work is undertaken, and in the case of this particular event, that would be the Sunnybrook Foundation. The goal of the event is to raise funds for the construction of a helipad directly above the trauma centre at Sunnybrook Health Sciences Centre in Toronto. Nearly 600 people with life-threatening injuries arrive by helicopter at the hospital each year. Currently, they need to be transported half a kilometre by ambulance

from the existing landing area.

I've always had a bit of an obsession with history and its mechanical innovations, and seeing so many significant examples in one place was enough to fill every gigabyte of storage I had on two cameras, as well as on my phone. I blame the accessibility of the event: there were very few ropes or lines that could not be crossed. Owners of the vehicles seemed happy to answer questions and interact with attendees, and more importantly, there was no air of aloofness or snobbery, just a genuine love of the hobby. I think the only

way you would not enjoy yourself is if you owned an insurance company that held the policies on some of these vehicles.

Hope to see you there, and remember to bring an extra memory card for your camera – and perhaps mine, too.

For details on the 2016 Cobble Beach Concours d'Elegance, visit cobblebeachconcours.com.



For additional photos of Cobble Beach Concours d'Elegance visit: motorcyclemojo.com

Philip Mahood's 1949 Vincent Rapide Series B is a true running survivor, and testament to the quality and longevity of these bikes.



DIFFICULTY LEVEL:









A simple solution for delivering a smooth ride

here's a control system on your motorcycle that probably gets very little attention, yet it's an important contributor to ride quality. It's your bike's cush-drive system, and its job is to smooth driveline lash when getting on and off the gas, and to soften the power pulses transmitted to the rear wheel from the crankshaft.

When a piston pushes down on the connecting rod during the power stroke, it does so with a violent shock. The flywheel's mass smoothes some of this shock, but if the remainder of the force generated by these power pulses



This is a typical cush drive. The rubbers can be removed and should be cleaned anytime the rear wheel is serviced.

goes unchecked, it can make your ride uncomfortable, as well as damage driveline components.

Cush drives use either rubber dampers or spring-loaded mechanisms to soften driveline shock. The most common type is the rubber cush drive, and it's located within the enlarged portion of the rear wheel hub, behind the sprocket. In a motorcycle with a cush drive, the rear sprocket is bolted to a removable carrier, which interlocks

with rubber dampers inserted into the wheel. Power is transferred to the wheel through the rubber dampers, and it's the dampers' pliancy that absorbs the power-pulse shocks.

This is why, if you have an older bike, you should inspect the dampers any time the rear wheel is removed. These dampers harden with age and can eventually even crumble to pieces. They also compress with age, introducing a lot of free play between the sprocket and wheel, and subsequently a lot of driveline lash. This is very easy to diagnose without removing the wheel: just hold the rear brake and, with the engine running and the bike in gear, slowly release the clutch. If the rear sprocket rotates freely for several degrees before stopping, the rubber dampers are worn out.

You can extend the service life of the rubber cush drive by using silicone spray to lubricate the rubber dampers when assembling the sprocket carrier. However, don't use any type of grease, as it might swell the rubber, but more importantly, it will collect dirt, which will cause damage to the hub and rubbers.

A close look at Harley Big Twins and



These are the components of an early Harley compensating sprocket. The spring assembly (upper left) is usually the first item to wear. Photo source: internet



On this later version of the Harley-Davidson compensating sprocket, the spring is mounted inboard, and is larger and more robust than earlier versions. Photo source: internet

Sportsters reveals that there's no cush drive in the rear wheel. Harley instead uses a mechanical shock damper called a compensating sprocket, which is mounted on the end of the crankshaft, within the primary case. Because a Harley engine is a big V-twin with a long stroke, the power pulses are rather forceful; placing the damper on the crankshaft reduces the shock loads on the entire driveline, including the clutch and transmission.

A compensating sprocket comprises a pair of spring-loaded tri-peaked cams (newer bikes use an improved variation of this system) mounted on the crank's output shaft: one is incorporated into the primary drive sprocket and is free to rotate on the shaft; the other is splined to the shaft and can slide in and out on it. It's the overlapping cam lobes that transfers engine power from the engine to the primary chain. When there's no torque being applied to the compensating sprocket, the spring tension pushes the cams together, but when torque is being applied, the sliding cam rides up the ramp on the adjoining cam, compressing the spring and absorbing the shock. When torque relaxes, the spring pushes the moveable cam back in. It does this repeatedly with each power stroke.

Most Harleys use oil in the primary case, and it lubricates the compensating sprocket. However, high mileage will wear the compensating sprocket cams, and age will fatigue the spring. Both of

these conditions will introduce excessive play in the unit, and it can get very noisy, sounding very much like a bad connecting-rod bearing at idle. If it gets excessively worn, the cams can actually jump lobes, causing a very loud clunking noise on acceleration. The fix is to replace the worn components.

Some older Harleys have a dry belt primary drive, and these bikes use a rubber-damped front belt sprocket. Engine heat and high loads shorten the lifespan of the rubber considerably on these bikes, though the rubbers are relatively easy to replace.

Despite its importance, not all motorcycles have cush drives. Dedicated off-road bikes, like motocrossers and enduros (not street-legal dual sports), do not have a cush drive. Manufacturers deliberately leave it out on these bikes to reduce weight. However, engineers still account for some form of shock-absorbing capability, and it comes from an unlikely source: because these bikes are designed to be ridden primarily offroad, it's the lack of traction on dirt that damps the engine's power pulses.

If you convert one of these bikes for road use, just bear in mind that you'll probably experience premature chain and sprocket wear, and even see wear on the transmission output shaft, so inspect everything often.

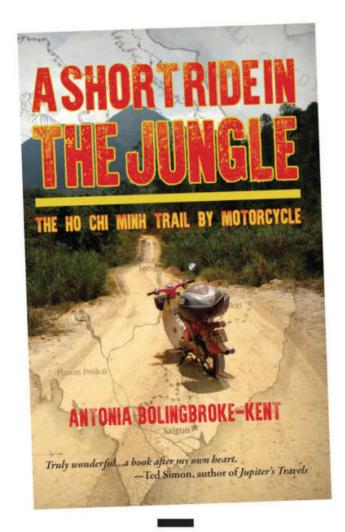
Technical articles are written purely as reference only and your motorcycle may require different procedures. You should be mechanically inclined to carry out your own maintenance and we recommend you contact your mechanic prior to performing any type of work on your bike.

This is another variation of a cush drive; these worn rubbers must be pressed out and replaced with new ones. Photo source: internet



A Short Ride in the Jungle: The Ho Chi Minh Trail by Motorcycle

Reviewed by Paddy Tyson



GIVEN THE DANGEROUS STATE OF THE REGIONAL INFRASTRUCTURE, IT MATTERS LITTLE THAT ANTONIA IS RIDING A C90 RATHER THAN A KLR, BECAUSE THIS IS PROPER ADVENTURE RIDING.

ood travel writing aims to engage, inform and ultimately entertain a reader, but it's rare that all three truly combine in an accessible package. In recounting her ride through Southeast Asia aboard a tiny Honda "step-thru," Antonia Bolingbroke-Kent demonstrates that it is a possible feat.

Many tour operators offer excursions along the Ho Chi Minh trail in Vietnam, but the reality is that much of the trail network that the Vietnamese communist support network used during the infamous war went through Laos and Cambodia. This is reflected in the fact that almost two-thirds of *A Short Ride in the Jungle* is set in these two rarely explored countries.

Antonia utilizes as many old military maps as she can to ensure the accuracy of her route retracing the footsteps of the men and women who trudged under huge weights and continual aerial bombardment. Few of the routes she follows are thoroughfares, but the tiny Honda proves its worth as a real dirtbike. Given the dangerous state of the regional infrastructure, it matters little that Antonia is riding a C90 rather than a KLR, because this is proper adventure riding. Encountering mud, river crossings (by canoe or with the help of hordes of children), engine rebuilds, shortages of petrol, food and water – it's all here in a story that's incredibly well written.

This book is a fantastic exposé of the Second Indochina War, which raged throughout the 1960s and '70s, and the current state of affairs in all three countries affected. It combines a great road trip with information about the past and present: The adoption of new economic models seem to be destroying natural resources and creating huge social upheaval, while the continuing impact of hidden bombs takes a daily toll – the deadly remnants of a conflict that saw more ordnance being used than in any other.

This powerful prose almost lets you feel the heat, touch the filth and smell the atmosphere, as well as experience the panic and sense of loneliness when things go horribly wrong in the dark jungle. Antonia's daily adventure and social interaction blends seamlessly with historical or cultural anecdotes, and I've yet to read anything that inspires me more to visit the region, while simultaneously filling me with absolute dread of doing so. A really great read.

ISBN-13: 978-1890623487

Paperback with B&W images throughout the 384pages. \$28.95 at Amazon.ca

S.W.A.T. H.A.W.K. 9-inch WP Side-Zip

The H.A.W.K. might just be the perfect all-around performer

Reviewed by Glenn Roberts

admit that I'm a bit of a boot junkie, but it became quite obvious by the number of boots I moved during our relocation this past summer.

In my defence, certain boots suit different styles of bike, but for everyday wear, I always gravitate to S.W.A.T. boots.

Originally, S.W.A.T. boots were designed as tactical footwear for police, military and EMT personnel. They had to be durable and comfortable for many active hours on the job.

It's this initial design, as well as a few other reasons, that makes these H.A.W.K. waterproof boots my go-to everyday footwear.

They weigh in at only 440 grams each (that's a touch lighter than a pound of butter). Contributing to the boot's light weight is that about half of the uppers are made from durable nylon mesh; the rest is leather to withstand bumps and scuffs.

Like other S.W.A.T. boots I've worn over the years, they are surprisingly comfortable. This is accomplished not only because of the boot's light weight, but also because under the thick, soft-rubber removable footbed is 2.5 cm of closed-cell foam that resides inside the heel of the sole. This combination of foam and rubber insole absorbs shock that would otherwise be transferred to the heel, ankle, shin and knee. I wear these boots to trade shows all winter and stand for more than 10 hours at a time, and my feet don't feel any worse for wear.

Another important feature is that they're waterproof. I have ridden in plenty of rain with these H.A.W.K. boots and have yet to get wet feet. They have a waterproof liner between the outer layer and the antimicrobial moisture-wicking lining, and the tongue is gusseted halfway up the lace area so



water can't flow into the boot.

The H.A.W.K. also has a side zipper to ease entry and exit. Initially do up the zipper, tie the non-slip laces to a comfortable snugness, then just use the zipper every time. The zipper area is also fully gusseted to keep the boot watertight.

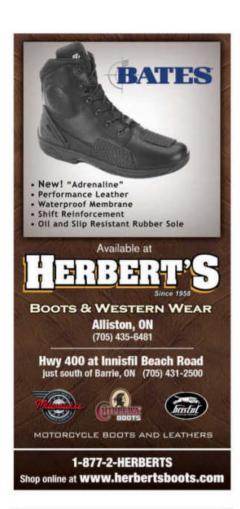
When I first received the boots, I was a little concerned about the amount of grip that the oil- and fuel-resistant sole would offer. You see, these boots don't use a chunky sole like most of the boots I have in my arsenal. But the first sign of shiny, hot pavement proved that my concerns were unfounded. These soles stuck like glue. But part of my prerequisite for being considered as favourite boots is that they can be worn all year, so my concern for good grip extended into the winter. They passed the snow and ice test with flying colours, and I have complete confidence on ice. I am simply amazed at the level of grip these

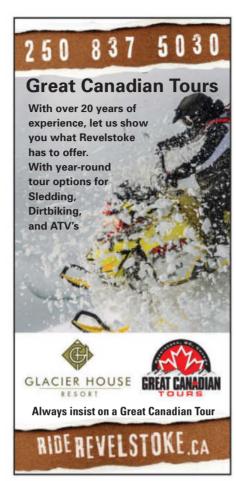
soles continue to offer year-round.

The durability of these boots is outstanding, as I haven't been easy on them. In addition to everyday wear and tear, I've worn them off-road and trail riding, and even had them lashed to snowshoes for hours in British Columbia's Monashee Mountains, and they've stood up to everything I've put them through.

After more than a year of wearing these H.A.W.K. 9-inch WP boots, they are still comfortable, they barely show any wear on the uppers, and even the soles, while I'm sure they have worn to some degree, don't show it and still provide optimal grip. If these ever wear out, at \$194.99, I won't have a problem getting another pair.

Go to originalswat.com/ca_en for more information and to find a dealer near you.









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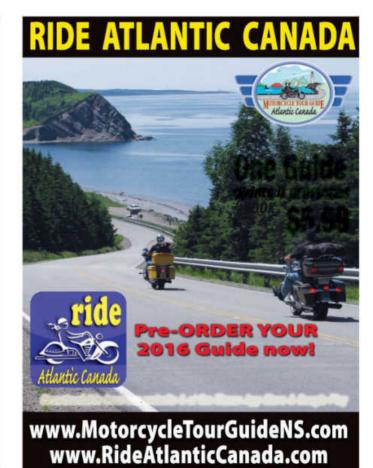
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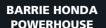
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AFRICA TWIN

POWERFUL PERFORMANCE

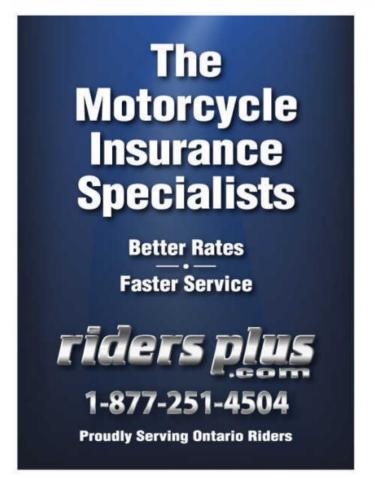
The CRF1000L Africa Twin's 1,000 cc parallel-twin fuel-injected engine draws heavily from Honda's winning off-road racing bikes, including the CRF250R and CRF450R.



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Obey the law and read your owner's manual thoroughly. Honda recommends taking a motorcycle rider training course.

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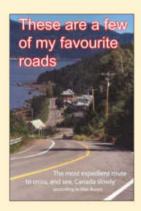




Latitude: 43° 21' 0.3924" Longitude: -80° 32' 14.8416" Dealer inquires welcome

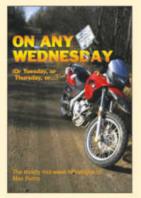
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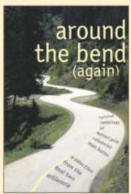
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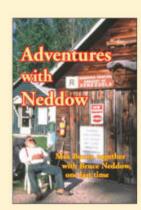
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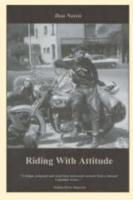
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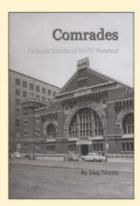
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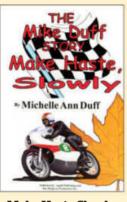
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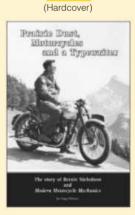


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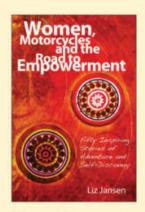


Prairie dust, Motorcycles and

a Typewriter

by Greg Williams

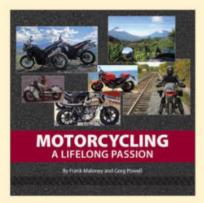
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Women, Motorcycles and the Road to Empowerment

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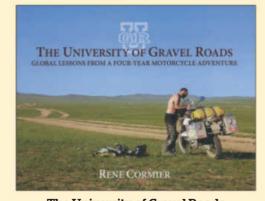
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2016 TRIUMPH STREET TWIN

The Bonneville line of motorcycles from Triumph received a major overhaul for 2016, with several new models to choose from. Costa Mouzouris tests the very first of these water-cooled variants in the form of the all-new Street Twin. Though it's the base model of the bunch, the Street Twin still represents a huge leap forward for the product line.





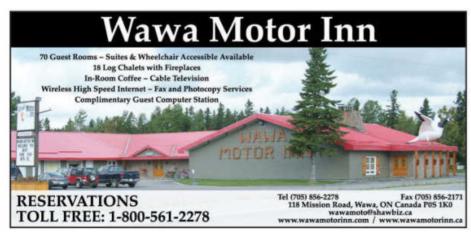
GS TOUR OF LABRADOR

Three friends keen on adventure set out on a trip to Newfoundland and Labrador aboard their newly acquired BMW GSs. Gravel roads, scenic views and several life lessons await these three amigos as they navigate this continent's northeastern edge.





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REMEMBER WHEN?

Your Motorcycle Memories



The bike pictured here is a 1975 Suzuki 500 Titan.
The photo was taken on June 6, 1977 in Moncton,
New Brunswick, when I was 19 years old. One week later I eloped on that bike, and headed for Calgary. I later returned to Moncton, NB and joined the Army.

The second photo was taken 38 years later, in the same location as the first photo. I was 57, retired and still married. Both the bike and I have gotten bigger. That's my 2005 Yamaha Roadstar 1700 Silverado. I might be 57 but feel like I'm 19 when I'm on two wheels.

—Submitted by Mike Burke



Submissions to Remember When? are always welcome. If your photo(s) is printed we will send you \$25.00 High resolution digital photos are acceptable as well as prints. If you wish the print back please include a self-addressed stamped envelope.



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